

THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s. weekly 30 Aug. 1961



THE PARIS COLLECTIONS



The University of Schweppshire



Barbara Schweppworth sculps

DEGREE DAY. Traditional climax of Oldbrick's year is tradition, when nobody must do anything which everybody hasn't done always. Degree Day starts the evening before, with the seizing and release of the printing press (twenty minutes) meeting of protest (five) and outbreak of insubordination in Rag Square which, with its Rag Monument and dummy proctors, often extorting dummy fines, is especially set aside for the people set aside to be exuberant.

The actual Procession of Recipients gains in picturesqueness from Oldbrick's more catholic acceptance of the truly pertinent, as distinct from the traditionally O.K., Subjects. We see, proudly displaying their gowns of office, the Bachelors of Film Studio Lighting, the Doctors of Light Reading Suitable for the Family, a Quizmaster of Is There Anything In It, two Ph.D's of Do It Yourself, Disputants in the History of Intercolonial Cricket Part One, a Passman of the School of Examination Passing, two Phobeharmonic Readers in Sunday Paper Musical Criticism, an Honorary Dame Electant of Woman's Magazine Editing, and a group of Public Demonstrators of Ceremonial, Circumstance and Pomp.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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13/6



MICHAEL JOSEPH

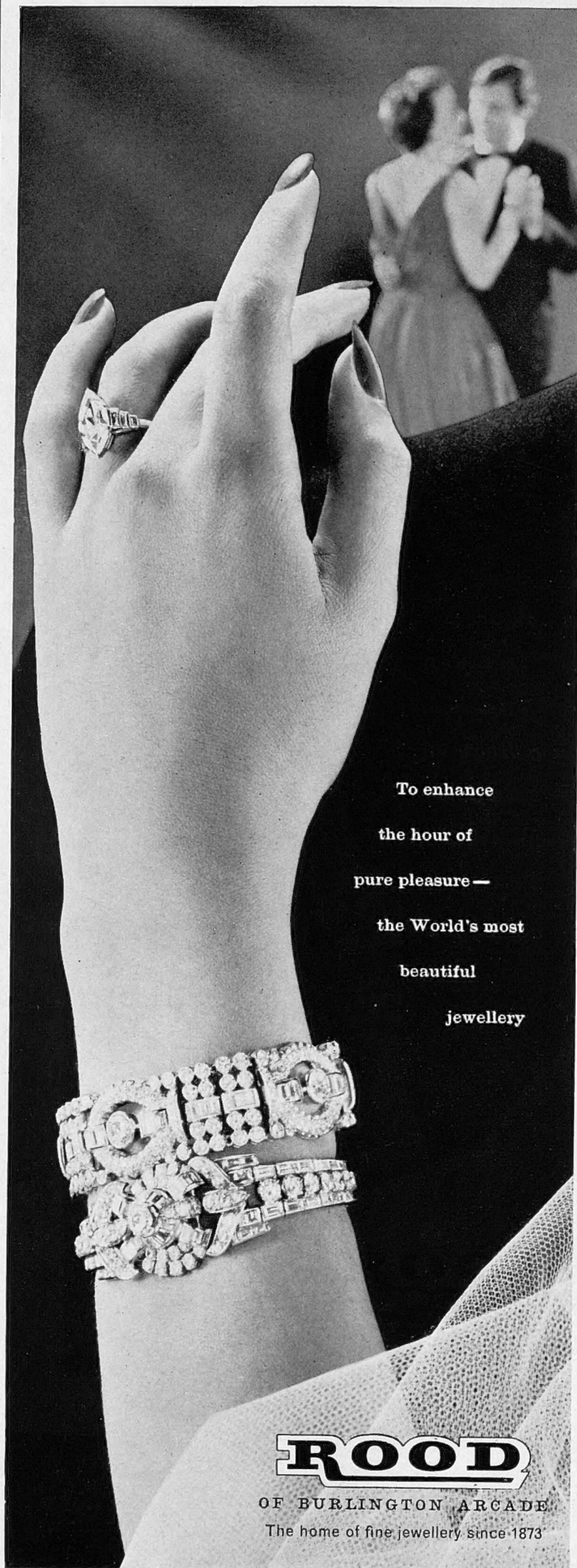
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3131

30 AUGUST 1961

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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

THE PACKET TO FRANCE

First to Paris, where Fashion (page 429) records the latest offerings of leading French couturières in a 10 page section of pictures and reportage. Significant if subtle changes are taking place in the world of fashion, with the casual easy-fitting clothes of the last couple of years giving way to a more tailored disciplined line. The return to fitted clothes offers a challenge to retail stores and the customer's figure! Then South to the old blue strip with Muriel Bowen for her commentary on people and parties (page 412) and with photographer Desmond O'Neill for his pictures of sun-worshippers on the beaches and dancers at the fabulous Monte Carlo Red Cross Ball—a vast raft was built out from the Sporting Club for Grace Kelly's "biggest charity money-raiser of the year."

From the South of France to the South of England and Cynthia Ellis's *Anatomy of an antient town* (page 422), a portrait in words and pictures of historic Rye in Sussex. You may remember her *Anatomy of a London Square* in The Tatler of 12 April. Girls have their pages in their *Diary of the Little Season* (page 419); and horses in the European Junior Horse Jumping Championship at Hickstead—in which Sheila Barnes on Sola won the individual championship, while the team championship was won by Germany, with Holland second and Great Britain third; and in the Whitbread Cup Polo at Woolmers Park (page 418).

In next week's issue—6 September—The Tatler goes to Yorkshire for the York Races, polo at Toulston, Pony Club area championships at Wetherby, and a débutante dance at Ripon

The cover:



Hats are more head-hugging than ever and follow the natural contours of the head. From the Christian Dior Autumn Collection, a cap of emerald Lyons velvet with the two loose ends of the turned-back brim falling with studied negligence on to the nape of the neck. The outsize ear-clip of rhinestones and emerald is from the Christian Dior collection of jewels. Photograph by ALFREDO DE MOLLI

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Partridge shooting starts, 1 September.

Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, 7 September.

Donside Ball, 5 September; Aboyne Ball, 6 September; First Skye Ball, 7 September; Second Skye Ball, 8 September.

Cirencester Polo Tournament, Cirencester Park, Glos, today to 3 September; Rhinefield Polo Tournament, Rhinefield, Hants, 5-9 September.

September Yearling Sales (formerly Doncaster Sales), at Newmarket, today & tomorrow.

Dunster Horse Trials (open, intermediate & preliminary), Dunster Park, Somerset, 2 September. Schedules from E. B. Alderson, Williton, Somerset. (Williton 180.)

Moreton-in-Marsh Horse Show, Glos, 2 September. (Secretary: D. H. Pearman, Fossey House, Moreton-in-Marsh.)

Burghley Hunt Pony Club camp Open Day (part of Stamford Quincentenary celebrations), Burghley Park, Stamford, Lincs, 2 September.

Flat racing: Ripon, today; Hurst Park, Manchester, Stockton, 1, 2; Bath, Lanark (Royal Caledonian Hunt), Warwick, 4; Windsor, 4, 5; Lingfield Park, 6, 7; Doncaster (St. Leger, 9th), 6-10 September.

Steeplechasing: Newton Abbot, today & 31; Stratford-on-Avon, 2; Southwell, 4; Devon & Exeter, 6, 7 September.

GREYHOUND RACING

Greyhound St. Leger, Wembley, 4 September.

CRICKET FESTIVALS

Hastings, Blackpool, 2-8 September; Scarborough, 2-15 September.

MUSICAL

Three Choirs Festival, Hereford Cathedral, 3-8 September.

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet, *The Snow Maiden*, to 2 September. 8 p.m. (also 5 p.m. Sat.). International guest artist week, 4-9 September. (WAT 3191.)

AVIATION

Farnborough Air Display, 8-10 September.

EXHIBITION

Radio & Television Exhibition, Earls Court, to 2 September.

FAIRS

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, to 7 September. **Northern Antique Dealers Fair**, Harrogate, 31 August-7 September.

YACHTING

Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex; Bridlington Regatta Week; Lowestoft Sailing Week. To 2 September.

National Redwing Championship Week, Weymouth, 3-9 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Pembroke Theatre, Croydon. *The Unfinished Journey*, 4 September.

Apollo Theatre. *The Fantasticks*, 7 September.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 440.

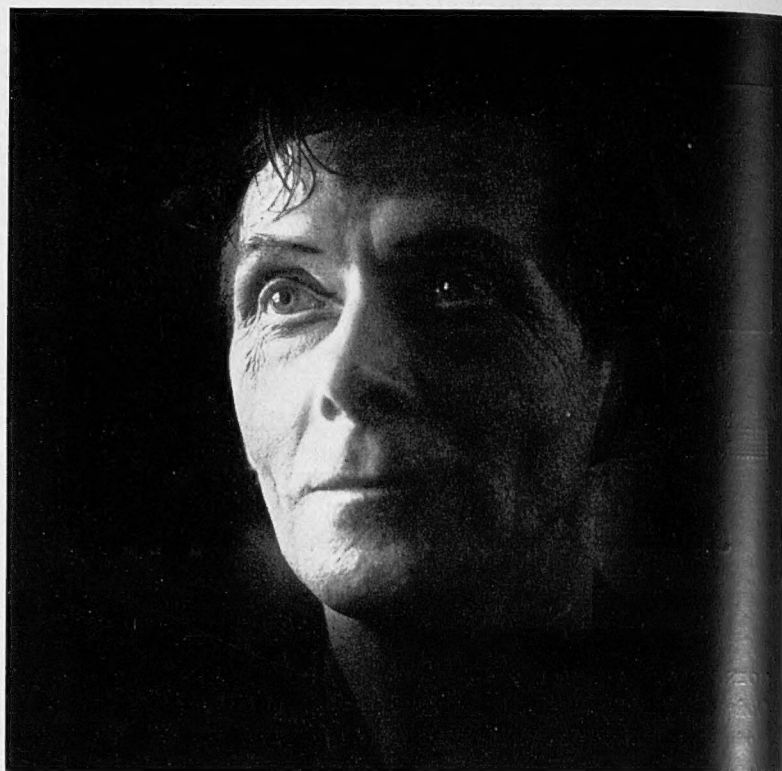
Wildest Dreams. "... will give enormous pleasure to a numerous and entirely respectable public ... what ought to be quite unbearable somehow is not." Dorothy Reynolds, Angus Mackay. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 441.

The Parent Trap. "... I wouldn't have missed Miss Mills's enchanting and inspired dual performance as a pair of twins for the world." Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

LASZLO SZILVASSY



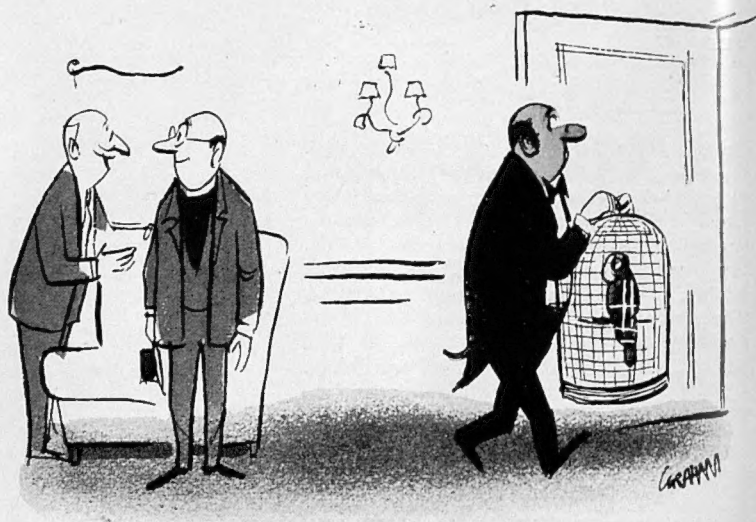
Walter Gore, whose ballet *Night & Silence* was recently performed by the Ballet Rambert in London. He has just formed a new ballet company

CHRISTOPHER BAILEY



American impresario John Krimsky with Dame Sybil Thorndike at the Players Theatre, from which he is taking a company to New York to perform the opening programme of his new Stroller Theatre-Club

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES LATE

Advice for the clubbable

Douglas Sutherland

IT WAS ONE OF THE MARX BROTHERS WHO, ON BEING INVITED TO JOIN AN exclusive New York club, replied that he had no wish to join the sort of club which would accept him as a member. Judging by my post-bag most of us are not so fussy. Indeed few weeks pass without my being asked to recommend a club where the members "speak the same language"—in fact just the sort of club where one is likely to meet the same sort of person as oneself. This is a nearly impossible task as few of my correspondents give me any idea of what sort of "language" they speak! It is probably more profitable therefore to consider the different types of club life available in the capital. I am ignoring the Pall Mall and St. James's variety of club. Their distinctive characteristics are already well known and prospective members will in most cases have to face a waiting-list as formidable as that of most public schools.

Postwar living has created a new type of London clubman, and probably the most usual need is for a suitable lunching and dining club where a member can entertain his business colleagues and their wives on his home ground. There are several good clubs of this sort in and around the West End. Just re-opened on new premises, for example, is **The Persian Room** which has taken over the old Mayfair Club premises in Berkeley Square. The Persian Room used to be housed in the Empress Club in Berkeley Street, recently bought by Mario of the Caprice and now run as a restaurant. Wisely they have retained most of their old staff. It is under the management of Alan Carr and old members will be glad to see Sydney Reed still behind the bar and the inimitable Fred on the door. The formula of intimacy and friendliness coupled with good food and service is essential to this type of club and the Persian Room certainly has a high reputation in all these respects. Membership is 55s. and already includes a formidable number of top-rating business tycoons, particularly of the property and advertising worlds.

Another club in this category is the **Galleon Club** in Tothill Street which, because of its situation, is particularly convenient for the Victoria

Street business community. It is also a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament; many of our legislators are among its members. A word of warning—ladies are only allowed in the evenings. Luncheons are stag. Club premises are luxurious and food up to best West End standards.

Though I mentioned it a few weeks back, the **Wig and Pen** in the Strand (opposite the Law Courts) also comes into this category of top business and social clubs. Proprietor Dick Brennan and his wife Babs are well served by a staff who have become inured to the eccentricities of their members, many of whom find it quite convenient to lunch at four o'clock in the afternoon when the more conventional business population are safely back in their offices signing the afternoon post. The club stays open for drinks and meals throughout the afternoon and late enough in the evening to cope with the homeward bound traffic or family parties meeting and eating before the theatre. For the not-so-business-minded there are clubs which cater for almost every taste and I shall be dealing with these in later articles. For the present I will only mention **The White Elephant** in Curzon Street which enjoys a *cachet* second to none among theatrical and film folk, but at the same time has many members who go there purely for the good food and intelligent wine list. The club is run by Victor Brusa of the famous Brusa's restaurant, so perhaps its success in this direction is not so surprising. Altogether a good bet for the club man who likes to get away from the business atmosphere—but membership is becoming hard to achieve.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423). *The largest collection of show-girls and dancers in a London floor show appear in Extravaganza, a new production that stars George & Bert Bernard, Kim Darcos and the Alberto Triana Spanish ballet*

Winston's (REG 5411). *Danny la Rue's production, Old Time Musical Hungaria* (WHI 4222). *Hutch presents his songs at the piano*
Talk of the Town (REG 5051). *Frances Faye has extended her visit. Plus the Ten O'Clock Follies as usual*



Howard de Courcy continues to mystify patrons at Quaglinos

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Steam and spaghetti

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Great Northern Hotel, King's Cross. Restaurant open on Sundays. Should a late or early train compel you to stay in this part of London, don't be too depressed about it. The rooms in this hotel are spacious and comfortable, shining with new paint. The five-course dinner for 15s. 6d., well-cooked and well-served, is good value for money. Hors d'oeuvres, soup, cold salmon, then chicken or steak, sweet or savoury, was a recent Sunday night menu. There are sound wines *en carafe*, and, as always with British Railways hotels, the wine list is good.

Luigi's. On the corner of Gerrard Street and Macclesfield Street. Wine licence. Friends returning from holidays in Italy have told me that most of the good Italian chefs must have come to London. The cooking in this small, modest but attractively got-up restaurant confirms this view, and when I dined there last a party from Rome at the next table was full of praise. One can eat well for 15s. or less from a wide range of dishes, almost all Italian. The service is swift and friendly.

All our own work

When the British Farm Produce Council and the G.P.O. inaugurated recently the recipe-by-telephone service in the Birmingham area, the

city's Grand Hotel put on an all-British luncheon for the Council's guests. The menu was: Smoked salmon from Royal Deeside or shellfish platter, from Morecambe Bay; plum-stuffed pork with new potatoes, cauliflower, baby marrows and green salad; fruit-in-season salad with cream; Grasmere shortcake and Northern Counties cheesecake; English cheeses and Northern Ireland butter.

Other restaurants and hotels, please note!

Noodles for new pilgrims

Hop Kweng Chinese Restaurant, 2 Lower Bridge Street, Canterbury. (Tel. 4231.) Open 12 noon to 11.30 p.m., including Sundays. You can eat well for 10s. per head, or even less, in pleasant surroundings, and with that standard of personal service that is the pride of the Chinese. A definite acquisition for both locals and tourists. Unlicensed, but the Chinese tea is good. W.B. at night.

... and a reminder

Chez Gaston, Buckingham Palace Road. (VIC 4974.) One of my favourites for Italian cooking. Friendly service. W.B.

Peter Evans Eating House, 225 Brompton Road. (KEN 8578.) Open midday to midnight, 11 p.m. Sundays. Up to the standard of the others in this group. W.B.

The Black Angus Restaurant, 17 Great Newport Street, W.1. (TER

5111.) Specializes in grills and Scotch meat. Restful atmosphere. **L'Epicure Restaurant**, 28 Friith Street (Shaftesbury Avenue end). (REG 2667.) Small and unpretentious, but quality cooking at a reasonable cost. W.B.

Walton Grill, 117 Walton Street, Chelsea. C.S. (KNI 8602.) The "bargain counter" of Chez Luba, with lunch at 5s. 6d. and dinner at 7s. 6d.

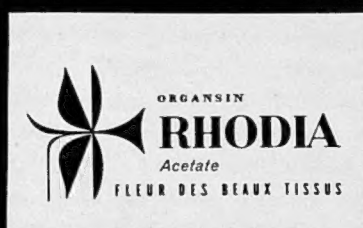


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COUNTY KERRY: loading sand in St. Finnan's Bay

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Sporting Ireland

Doone Beal

AMONG ITS MANY OTHER CHARMS, IRELAND CATERS TO WHAT ONE MIGHT call the poor plutocrats. It offers fishing, golf and rough shooting at a fraction of their usual cost in England and Scotland, and, in many instances, free altogether. To fish salmon you must of course have a licence (£1 for six days), but the average fee per rod is rarely more than £2 a day and it can be less, depending on the waters. In nearly all the hotels in the south and west, *some* fishing, including trout, is free to hotel guests. Cost of ghillies and boat is usually around £2 a day. October to Christmas is the season for rough shooting, and this, too, is generally free. Though I am told that the pheasant shooting is, by English standards, disappointing, the snipe, woodcock, hare and partridge are all reckoned to be good.

One area in which to combine both is Cahir, some 50 miles inland from Cork. The Cahir House Hotel is old-fashioned and comfortable with open fires and much polish, lace and chintz. Fishing on the river Suir is free, and reserved fishing can be arranged for guests with the Cahir anglers' club. Nearby, Kilcoran Lodge also caters for people who want rough shooting. Though small, it is a first-class hotel, quiet and comfortable.

Kinsale, on the south coast, is only about 17 miles from Cork, and its reputation for deep-sea fishing—blue shark, skate, conger and monk fish—is gaining momentum. Again the prices are hardly plutocratic, since one can hire a boat complete with all the necessary tackle for between £3 and £5 a day. An airport will open in Cork towards the end of October, making easily accessible a part of Ireland which, if not spectacularly beautiful like the west coast, is never less than pretty.

Similarly, close to Shannon Airport is another sportsman's haven: Ennis, in County Clare. Ennis is a particularly attractive old market town with a good hotel, the Old Ground. It is on the River Fergus (free salmon fishing) and only a few miles away from the lakes at Corofin, which hold brown trout. The Old Ground is the headquarters of the hunting and racing fraternity. Racing at Limerick continues until November, and the hotel has made special arrangements for people who want to come over to hunt either with the Clare Harriers or the Galway Blazers. Cost of a hireling and cap is about £4 a day, and transport to the meet can be arranged from the hotel. Its last claim to fame is the



KILLARNEY: *Lough Leane from Ross Castle*

rough shooting which now attracts large numbers of visitors from Denmark and France.

There is some sort of fishing practically everywhere in Ireland. To single out a few areas, Lough Corrib is among the most beautiful, and fishing in it is free throughout. I have written before of Ashford Castle, at Cong, which has rough shooting as well as fishing and is one of the most luxurious hotels in Ireland. For simpler living, with fishing the primary object, the Lake Hotel (usually known as "Jim Egan's") at Oughterard comes straight to the point with plain country food and no need to dress up for it. The Newport Arms Hotel at Newport offers great comfort along with the fishing, but an altogether more dedicated and less fleshpot-conscious public returns year after year to the Old Head Hotel on the coast nearby, at Louisburgh. The same management own Delphi Lodge, set in a wild and glorious garden full of rhododendrons on the shores of the lake. It is known as the Delphi fisheries, and you pay 18 gns. a week for the fishing alone, but the rods are restricted and the fees include boats and ghillies.

Lastly, the Waterville area on the tip of the Kerry coast has lake, river and sea fishing. Since the fame of the Ring of Kerry attracts many casual visitors and tourists as well as fishermen there are plenty of hotels, but the Butler's Arms is one of the best.

Much though I love Kerry, I have never been especially fond of Killarney, because it is the only place in Ireland which the tourist boom has squarely hit. It is peppered with souvenir shops, tweed shops, shops selling Holy Water in plastic bottles and shops which offer to trace your ancestry (100,000 names: don't *you* want your coat of arms?) and are presumably levelled at returning transatlantic cousins. On the other hand, the beauty of the Kerry countryside and the Glengarriff peninsula to the south explains why it is the first mecca of so many visitors. I was particularly delighted therefore to find, at a safe distance of five miles from the tourist maelstrom, a new hotel which joins the ranks of great ones: Castleross Inn. It is an architect's dream of low white buildings set in smooth lawns and gardens, railed off, paddock fashion, from the long grass that stretches to the shores of the lake. Not only is fishing free, but also access to an 18-hole golf course whose ninth hole Henry Cotton described as "the most beautiful in Europe." Rates: 50s. for bed and breakfast (or 62s. 6d. for a suite), lunch and dinner *à la carte*. More information: Irish Tourist Office, 71 Regent St.

In our issue of 5 July, "Going Places Abroad" was devoted to Irish hotels and food. Owing to a misunderstanding, for which the author was not responsible, dollar signs were printed in place of the Michelin symbol of a crossed spoon & fork, which, of course, denotes comfort and *not* price. We offer our apologies to *Guide Michelin* and to any hoteliers concerned.



Paris
Point
of View
at



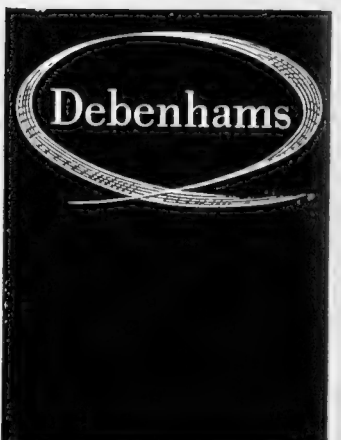
Lanvin Castillo at

We chose this in Paris for Castillo's new Cowboy neckerchief line carried out in a bold leopard stole over a plain severely tailored coat of black boxcloth.

Available towards the middle of September.

Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams on the Bateau Mouche with the banks of the Seine as a fitting backdrop.

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MONTE CARLO GALA '61

High point of the Riviera season, the annual Monte Carlo Red Cross Gala held in the flower-decked Summer Sporting Club, was the biggest yet. Princess Grace, president of the Red Cross in Monaco, and Prince Rainier both attended and among the more than a thousand guests was the Aga Khan (right) with Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith. Muriel Bowen reports on page 414. Desmond O'Neill took the pictures





General view of the gala

*Mrs. James O' Donoghue, aunt
of Miss Barbara Hutton*



MONTE CARLO
GALA '61 *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL



Mr. Joseph Kennedy, father of President Kennedy



Mr. & Mrs. Peter Lawford

*Miss Sylvia Casablancas &
M. Jean Noel Grinda*



*Miss Patricia Rawlings & the
Marquess of Dufferin & Ava*



Mlle. Annoutchka von Mecks

Mr. & Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid



Monte Carlo Beach—Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy and Baron William de Gelsey



La Vigie Point—Miss Katharine Steinberg, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Steinberg

Muriel Bowen IN MONTE

THE CÔTE D'AZUR IS CRAMMED WITH PEOPLE. Sir Winston Churchill is at the Hotel de Paris and people rise to their feet as he walks through the lounge, and the many English people already there include Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Reginald Maudling, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, & Mrs. Maudling, Mr. & Mrs. Harold Samuel, and Lord & Lady Evans.

Monte Carlo with Mr. Onassis bubbling with new ideas is the one place along the coast that has any notable changes from year to year. Latest is a mosaic swimming pool, a gigantic half-seashell of much architectural merit popped down between the Hotel de Paris and the harbour. The pool itself is under cover, but it leads on to a terrace courtyard, gay with odd-shaped flower beds that light up at night. Below are the hundreds of yachts that make Monaco one of the world's most glamorous harbours. There is also a bar, dark and full of copper, and around the perimeter of the pool there are Sauna baths for those who don't mind being birched.

Mr. Aristotle Onassis of course is the man who really makes Monte Carlo hum. Only the towering rocks around the principality will eventually prevent him progressing any farther. But then perhaps he will buy up the telephone service along the entire Côte d'Azur and set that to rights. When he does so it won't be a day too soon. Every other telephone conversation is halted by a breakdown on the line and the whole thing is hideously expensive.

PRINCESS GRACE'S PLANS

High spot of Monte Carlo's year is the Red Cross Gala Ball at the Summer Sporting Club. It's a lavish affair with tens of thousands of flowers, and lamp standards that look as if at any moment they might send off fireworks.

The whole thing is a gigantic money spinner; just how the Red Cross in the tiny principality could use it all I've often wondered. But it acts as a sort of benevolent L.C.C., sorting out the housing problems of those who come over the border to work and bring their families to live in cramped conditions. Hardly the job for the Red Cross so Princess Grace, its businesslike President, is now looking into ways of curbing this vast expenditure. The gala attracted a great raft of international society. Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Kennedy brought their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Lawford. He's shortly to play Lord Lovat in a movie based on wartime Commando exploits. Group Capt. & Mrs. Loel Guinness arrived by yacht. Others enjoying themselves were Mr. & Mrs. Louis Rawlings, Capt. & Mrs. George Wood, Mrs. Peggy Scott-Duff, Mr. & Mrs. Chester Beatty, and Prince & Princess Y. Troubetzkoy whose new speedboat designed by Uffa Fox is one of the fastest in the Mediterranean. The Prince loves the sea and a big thrill at his birthday party a few days later was to see the guests arrive mostly by boat. The gala had more young people than usual this year. Countess Bunny Esterhazy was among them, also Mr. & Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid, the Marquess of Dufferin & Ava, Mr. Nicholas Darvas (his book *How to Make a Million on the Stock Exchange* was an American best seller a few years ago), and Miss Patricia Rawlings. Among the dancers were: Lord & Lady Ellenborough, Mr. & Mrs. N. Embiricos, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Mahony, and Senora Crespi, who is Milan's most noted hostess.

GALAS AND GOLF

Galas and Monte Carlo are synonymous. The latest are the small exclusive ones which happen on the candlelit terrace at the

Golf Club. Last week's was attended by Prince Rainier & Princess Grace (people wonder why they are not to be seen at the beach, but since last summer they have built their own swimming pool in the grounds of the Palace), the Duke & Duchess of Newcastle, Miss Greta Garbo and about 40 more. The Golf Club has suffered in the past from dried-up greens during the height of the season. But greens of billiard table smoothness can now be expected; a huge reservoir has been blasted in the mountain as a means of watering the course. It will be fully operational next year. The club has a new live-wire secretary in Lt.-Col. Brian Kent, formerly of the Welsh Guards, and a personality who in a few brief months has made an impact on Monte Carlo. One of his tasks is to think up amusing competitions. The prize offered for a forthcoming mixed affair is a trip to Rome. "I think the men are going to look on companionship on the trip as a first essential in choosing their partners," he told me. Adding with the military man's grasp of possible consequences: "Though goodness knows what trouble it is all going to land me in!"

MONTE CARLO RENDEZVOUS

Monte Carlo has its various meeting spots. My favourite for lunch—because everybody turns up there if one stays long enough—is "the Point." Favourite meal there is *Salade Niçoise*, washed down by salmon-coloured *Pardis*, a delicious mixture of four fruit juices. I lunched there one day with Mrs. Morris Cafritz, Washington's leading hostess, and the first to fill that rôle under both Republican and Democratic Presidents. "There hasn't been much change with Jack as President," she told me. "Like all of us he finds that good men are scarce." Lord & Lady Marks of Broughton were

lunching by the pool, he as always with a bundle of newspapers for reading on the beach, and Mr. & Mrs. **Nigel Neilson** had a luncheon party on the terrace which included Mr. **S. P. S. Bousfield**, the secretary of the Carlton Club, & Mrs. **Bousfield**. They were in Monte Carlo for the day, having come over from Villefranche. **Sir Hugh & Lady Fraser** were others at the beach. He was the one captain of big business who was admitting to "lying in the sun doing absolutely nothing." His son, Mr. **Hugh Fraser** was also on the Riviera, having driven from Glasgow in order to bring his boat for water skiing. The lounge at the Metropole is as English as Claridge's in June. **Sir Jocelyn Lucas**, M.P. & **Lady Lucas** were staying there (their house in Norfolk is presently taken over by builders and scaffolding), also **Lady Abrahams**, Mr. & Mrs. **H. G. Henley**, **Sir Graham & Lady Rowlandson**, and **Major the Hon. Francis Legh** (Princess Margaret's private secretary) & Mrs. **Legh**.

PINK FOR ANTIBES

Leaving Monte Carlo I took the train to Antibes to stay with friends. Such a lovely trip along the water's edge, gay with bright pink shorts, swimsuits and Italian silk shirts. Pink is the dominant colour everywhere in the South of France this year. Handsomest of the many villas here is the Château de la Garoupe, a white Provençal house built on the grand scale which Mrs. **Fred Sigrist** rented from the **hon. Lady Norman**. With a succession of friends from England who change every two weeks or so, Sigrist has a very gay household. Mr. & Mrs. **Arpad Plesch** were entertaining at their villa which overlooks the harbour at Beaulieu, and others enjoying the sunshine at their villas were, Mr. **Somerset Maugham** (working on another of his "absolutely last" works, this time his autobiography which is nearly finished), Mr. **Harald & Dame Felicity Peake**, Mr. & Mrs. **Michael Ward Thomas** (she's novelist Jocelyn Anthony), Mr. & Mrs. **Val Parnell**, and the **Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Cayzer** who had Brig. **the Hon. Richard & the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton Russell** staying with them.

LIFE AMONG THE VILLAS

One day while I was in Antibes Mr. & Mrs. **Antony Norman** asked friends to pre-lunch drinks at their villa, La Tourbelle. This is an enchanting starfish-shaped house which she has done with superb taste. I liked the striped Regency curtains and the clever use of tall standard plants against a background of white walls. Joining them that particular day were **Col. & Mrs. John Ward** (they're shopping for a villa if they find something they like), Miss **Sarah-Jane Corbett**, Mr. & Mrs. **Michael Denison**, Mr. & Mrs. **George Doughty** and many more. Another lovely and much talked-about house is the Villa St. George at Cap d'Ail, which the **Hon. Neville Berry** and his wife took

a year or so ago, doing it up with great taste. Not far away is the Villa Les Mimosas, a big white house which barrister Mr. **Michael Meredith-Hardy** has just purchased. **Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke** had their daughter **Melanie** and her friend, Miss **Sally Elson-Rees** staying with them at their villa at Antibes. As the villa has its own landing stage they're never sure whether friends will arrive by sea or road. Last week a "lost" helicopter turned up behind the border of canna lilies in the garden. On board were a young American couple who had just married in Monte Carlo and were on their way to Eden Roc on honeymoon! The Burkes did the nicest possible thing in the circumstances: they invited the honeymooners in, poured them a stiff drink, and then set them on their way, by road, to Eden Roc.

The boats with their white sails and gay spinnakers are one of the prettiest features of the South of France coast. Fun, too, to pick out the Red Dusters. Mr. & Mrs. **Alan Butler** were cruising in their *Sylvia V* and Mr. & Mrs. **Charles Turner** in *Eleanora*. But many of the boats I saw were on charter.

THE FASTNET DINNER

My last evening in England before leaving for the South of France was spent in Plymouth with the deep-sea sailormen of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. Their dinner was held as a celebration after the Fastnet Race and on the eve of the Plymouth-St. Nazaïre race. The Commodore Mr. **Peter Green**, who had finished well up in Myth of Malham, gave a raucous account of the 605 mile race which started off from Cowes in appalling weather. "Some set off with a sinking feeling... and some with a little Hennessy," recalled Mr. Green. With 94 boats starting it was the biggest fleet that ever left an English port in an international race. All very much more competitive, too, than the First Fastnet in 1925 when, as Mr. Green recalled one competitor on sighting another lowered a boat, rowed over and spent the forenoon with him! This year it was a grim story of sails lost, mizzen staysails blown out and boats being beached. I could well appreciate all that as the day the yachts set off from Cowes I had left Southampton on the *Mauretania* and next day disembarked at Cobh, just short of the Fastnet Rock lighthouse which they were to circle three days later. On the sun deck the shuffleboard quoits were running true but the sea was peppered with white horses, and powered engines were losing two knots to the sweep of a powerful gale. "We were so glad to see the Fastnet at last that we celebrated with roast chicken and a bottle of red wine," said Mr. **Martin Copley** when we chatted at the dinner at Plymouth. He was in the Oxford University boat *New Dawn* and one of an undergraduate crew whose average age was 22, the lowest in the race. The boat was skippered by Mr. **Robert Corry**.

The Dutch took the big yacht event with *Zwerver*, England's *Quiver III* sailed by Mr. **Rendle Clarke** (he cut out the festivities to get back to business) won the medium-sized section, and Mr. **Thomas Steele**, who's given up the Navy for farming in Hampshire, brought little *Belmore* into Plymouth at the head of the 24-footers. The dinner was rich in personalities. There was Mr. **Bill Snaith**, captain of the U.S. team which won the Admiral's Cup for teams of three boats. "In mid-Atlantic on our way over we celebrated the 4th July," he told me. "My boys baked an apple pie and I made an Independence Day speech on the deck." There was charming Mr. **Sven Hansen** from Sweden, winner of the Fastnet two years ago. He wound up a speech of deliciously dry humour by saying: "Our gratitude we show by leaving the cups behind." The only woman competitor, Mrs. **Kenneth Langmuir**, had the biggest boat, the 82-ton *Constellation* and came eighth. "I'm the one who sails," she told me. "My husband joins the wives and waits anxiously for our boat to come in." From Plymouth she was sailing back to California and hoped to be "home for Christmas." But she won't be roughing it. "I believe in plenty of deep freeze and I've had all that sort of thing built in." For most of the rest of the fleet it was on to St. Nazaïre and the end of the Royal Ocean Racing Club's races for this year.

The "Farm & Country" Cup, presented by the Directors of "Farm & Country" for the best performance by the child of a farmer in the Holiday Pony Classes at the Ponies of Britain Club annual summer show at Peterborough, was won by Carol Newton, aged seven, daughter of Mr. R. L. and the Hon. Mrs. Newton, of The Abbey, Skillington, Grantham, Lincs, riding Tommie. Carol is a member of the Belvoir Pony Club



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMANO CAGNONI

WINNING JUNIORS



The German winners of the team championship, Rainer Buchholz, Hasso von Zychlinski, Heinz von Opel & Berndt Bagusat. Standing are Major Sterken, the German maitre d'équipe, & Mr. Douglas Bunn, chairman of the directors of the show. Right: Col. N. Kindersley, maitre d'équipe of the British team. Top right: Sheila Barnes, first in the individual Show Jumping Championship, and (top) Allhea Roger Smith, who was second

John Kidd, who rode his horse Maple in some events, relaxes with spectators on top of a car. Below: Jane Smith, who was fourth

The German team won the European Junior Show Jumping Championship at Hickstead, but in the individual championship, the four British girls were the only entrants to reach the final



Below left: Jabeena Maslin came third on Arkwear. Below: Mrs. Douglas Bunn brings out the prizes



PHOTOGRAPHS:
LEWIS MORLEY

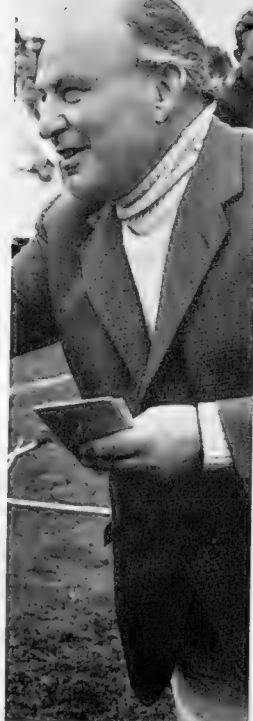


Moment of tension during the final of the Whitbread Cup at Woolmers Park (left) when the winning team, Friar Park (Windsor) beat Toulston Park (Yorks). Friar Park's captain, Major Archie David (below) had just received the Whitbread Cup from Mrs. L. A. Lucas, wife of the chairman. Tankard trophies were given to the team



Polo at Woolmers Park

Mr. L. A. Lucas (right), chairman of the club, presented the grooms' prizes. Earlier he played for the Hertford Polo Club against the Aces. Miss M. Bright (far right) of the Aces who played in the second game, against the Knaves



BARRY SWAFFE



Miss Susan Mardon, daughter of Lt. Col. & Mrs. J. K. La T. Mardon, is having a joint dance with Miss Susanna Cooper, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Armitage, in London on 12 December

Miss Patricia Skene, whose mother Mrs. Robert Skene is giving a dance for her at Sussex Place, Regent's Park, on 2 October



TOM HUSTLER

THE LITTLE SEASON

With the onset of autumn the social pace picks up again with a fresh list of débutante dances and parties (see overleaf) to be held between now and Christmas



The Hon. Shân Bailey, whose dance, given for her by her mother Margaret Lady Glanusk, will take place at Claridge's on 18 December

TOM HUSTLER

Miss Claire Pelly, daughter of Mrs. Douglas Pelly, who shares a dance at the Hyde Park Hotel on 4 October with the Hon. Serena Inskip

TOM HUSTLER



DATES FOR DANCES

FRIDAY, 1 SEPTEMBER

The Earl of Inchcape for his niece Miss Caroline Hibbert, at Glenapp Castle, Ballantrae, Ayrshire.

TUESDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Michael Noble for Miss Catharine Noble, at Ardkinglas.

MONDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER

Lady Rowallan for her daughter the Hon. Fiona Corbett and for the coming-of-age of her son the Hon. Robert Corbett, at Rowallan, Kilmarnock.

FRIDAY, 15 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Raymond Sturge and Mrs. Arthur Skipwith for Miss Sara Sturge and Miss Sara Jane & Miss Anne Skipwith (twins), at Pendell House, Bletchingley.

SATURDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Peter Nugent for her daughter Miss Heather Millington, and for the coming-of-age of her son Mr. Alastair Hodges Nugent, at Old Rickhurst, Dunsfold, Surrey.

The Hon. Mrs. Kidd for Miss Jane Kidd, at Auton Dolwells, Milverton, Somerset.

SATURDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Thomas Boardman and Mrs. Alex Thorneycroft for their daughters Miss Rosemary Chaworth-Musters and Miss Camilla & Miss Verena Thorneycroft, at Stanford Hall, Rugby (lent by Lord and Lady Braye).

TUESDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Edward Erith (small dinner dance) for Miss Perdita Erith, at the Savoy.

FRIDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. John Inglis-Jones for her stepdaughter Miss Sara Inglis-Jones, at Earlywood, Ascot (lent by the Dowager Countess of Portarlington).

SATURDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER

Lady (Richard) Graham for the coming-of-age of Mr. James Graham, and Mrs. Alastair Graham for Miss Caroline Graham, at Norton Conyers, nr. Ripon.

Mrs. Jack Hargreaves (small dance) for Miss Mayling Hargreaves, at Twyford Hall, Dereham, Norfolk.

MONDAY, 2 OCTOBER

Mrs. Cedric Terry (small dinner dance) for Miss Susan Terry, in London.

TUESDAY, 3 OCTOBER

Mrs. Neil Denholm for Miss Belinda Denholm, in London.

WEDNESDAY, 4 OCTOBER

Viscountess Caldecote and Mrs. Douglas Pelly for the Hon. Serena Inskip and Miss Claire Pelly, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

THURSDAY, 5 OCTOBER

Lady Brinckman for Miss Theadora Elizabeth Brinckman, at Quaglino's.



TOM HUSTLER



BETTY SWAEBE



BARRY SWAEBE

Miss Sarah Taylor, daughter of Mrs. George F. Taylor. Her dance at Claridge's on 3 November also celebrates the coming-of-age of her brother, Mr. Jeremy Taylor

Miss Jane de Laszlo. Her mother, Mrs. Paul de Laszlo, is giving a dance for her at her house, The Orchards, Godalming, Surrey, on 22 September

Miss Julia Civval, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Civval, of Eaton Place and Mayes Court, Ockley, Surrey, is having a dance at 6 Hamilton Place on 9 October

FRIDAY, 6 OCTOBER

Mrs. J. P. Mann and Mrs. Edward Scott for Miss Celia Mann and Miss Sarah Scott, at Brimpton House, Brimpton, Reading.

SATURDAY, 7 OCTOBER

Mrs. Robert Petre for Miss Claudia Petre, at Tunworth Down House, Basingstoke.

TUESDAY, 10 OCTOBER

Mrs. Amyas Chichester (small dance) for Miss Sally and Miss Clare Chichester, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Mrs. Paul Hackforth-Jones for her daughter Miss Olivia Odell, in London.

THURSDAY, 12 OCTOBER

Mrs. John Fisher for Miss Angela Fisher, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

SATURDAY, 14 OCTOBER

Mrs. Donald McCall, Mrs. Andrew Carnwath and Mrs. Robin Higgins for Miss Gillian McCall, Miss Felicity Carnwath, and Miss Jocelyn Higgins, at Heydon Place, nr. Royston, Herts.

FRIDAY, 20 OCTOBER

Mrs. William Mark-Wardlaw and Mrs. Neil Hadow for Miss Helen and Miss Phyllis Mark-Wardlaw and Miss Diana Hadow, at the Hurlingham Club.

Mrs. Wilfred S. Steel for Miss Elizabeth Steel, at Aston Abbots, nr. Aylesbury.

TUESDAY, 24 OCTOBER

Lady Birkin and Mrs. Barry Black for Miss Amanda Birkin and Miss Nicola Black, at Claridge's.

THURSDAY, 2 NOVEMBER

Mrs. de Burgh Whyte and her daughter Mrs. A. Walter for Mrs. Walter's daughter Miss Antonia Peck, at the Carlton Towers Hotel.

TUESDAY, 7 NOVEMBER

Mrs. Ferid Hikmet for Miss Nesrin Hikmet, in London.

TUESDAY, 21 NOVEMBER

Mrs. David Barbour and Mrs. William Ritchie for Miss Lydia Barbour and Miss Caroline Ritchie, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

THURSDAY, 7 DECEMBER

Mrs. John Trethowan for Miss Niki Trethowan, at the Dorchester.

FRIDAY, 8 DECEMBER

The Hon. Mrs. McCorquodale for Miss Christina McCorquodale, at Melchbourne Park, Beds.

THURSDAY, 14 DECEMBER

Mrs. Herbert Duncan for Miss Anna Duncan, at the Dorchester.

FRIDAY, 15 DECEMBER

The Hon. Mrs. Rank for her daughter Miss Caroline Woodward, at Pinewood.



YEVONDE



TOM HUSTLER



TOM HUSTLER

Miss Amanda Birkin, second daughter of Sir Charles Birkin, Bt., & Lady Birkin, of Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow, has a joint dance with Miss Nicola Black at Claridge's on 24 October

Miss Petronilla Callender, second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Callender, of Chapel Street, S.W.1. Her dance is being given in London on 3 October

Miss Celia Sandys, daughter of Mrs. Diana Sandys, is having a London dance on 1 November. Her father is Mr. Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth Relations Secretary



ANATOMY OF AN



**When the sea retreated,
the Cinque Port of Rye
might have become a
ghost town. Cynthia Ellis
dissects in words and
pictures the bone and
sinew that helped the
Conqueror's strongpoint
to survive**

Crusty Crampton, 84, captained a fishing boat when Rye had a big fleet of them. He lives at 26 Fishmarket Road; has seen uncanny changes: "Three Banks and all these Americans"

The sea is a distant glimmer separated from the town by marshes. Below: Ypres Tower. Left: rooftops and the old coastline beyond



ANTIEN TOWN

THE MIDLAND BANK IS PAINTED PINK, AND clematis shades the door. Rye is the archetype of the Olde Towne, obdurately charming and industry-repellent, so that even the banks have to masquerade as cottages to do business at all. Full of blowsy roses and hand-thrown pots, the town looks at first sight like a carefully rehearsed attraction for the Come-to-Britain campaign—Tudor beams and impeccable Georgian with a leaven of medieval stone. But the more you see of Rye the more you uncover a tough fibre of personality underlying all the folkery. Rye lasts, like an honest work of art lasts: even her anomalies have style: Spanish romanesque—a whitewashed hybrid of a Methodist chapel—red brick police station of 1891, flat-footed and as duty-proud as its bobbies. Once upon a time the town was jilted by the sea, and the tragedy has given her character.

About 900 years ago when William had

recently conquered, he learned a lesson from his own invasion and to discourage others established a chain of defensive towns along the Kent and Sussex coast. They were the Cinque Ports of Hastings, Dover, Sandwich, Romney and Hythe. Later were added to the confederacy the Antient Towns of Winchelsea and Rye ever afterwards sisters and rivals, perched on their neighbouring cliffs and locked in an almost personal struggle with the French. Then the Armada incident brought a new concept of sea power, and Rye lost her royal privilege as the English navy grew; but at least she was still a port, guarding the Channel and battered by storms. Then the sea, tired of licking round her defensive walls, gave up and withdrew callously to the south, receding farther and farther across the levels until now even the sixpenny telescope in the Gun Gardens only reveals a sliver of watery horizon.

Mrs. Yseult Bridges lives in the House-with-the-seat (it has one in the porch). Her 4th historical who-dunnit appears soon. She enjoys Rye's garden walls: "they hide so many surprises"



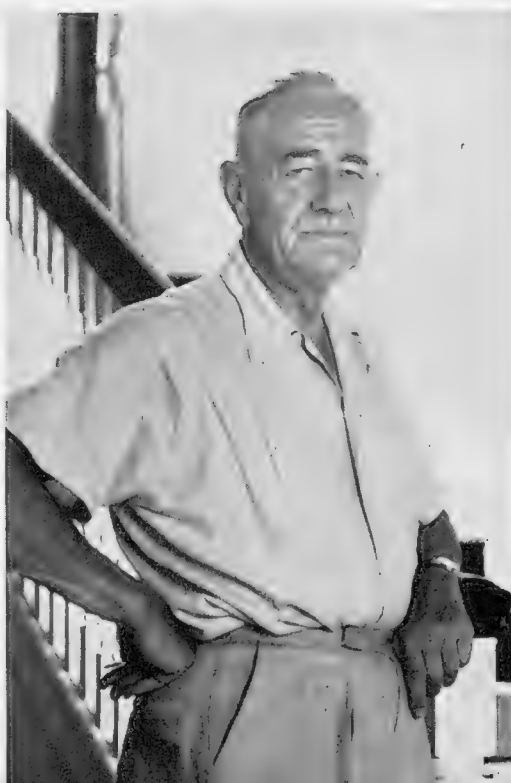
Rodney Wilding once holidayed here and stayed on. He exploits the Estella, an old iron lightship resting in the mud, as a tea-shop and exhibition gallery for his paintings



Geoffrey Bagley lives at 4 Church Square. Three times Mayor of Rye and Speaker of the Cinque Ports he is now curator of the museum and an authority on the town. Changes since the war: "Fewer artists in the streets, more arable in the marsh"



Sir William Mabane. He and Lady Mabane live at Lamb House, once owned by Henry James. Tenants of the National Trust they open the doors to visitors twice weekly. "Rye has the best qualities of the English village—a classless society"



Where Edward III and his little fleet once put the Spanish to rout on sparkling summer waves, watched by his Queen from the cliff, the sheep now graze among the kingcups. The Rother and the Tillingham wind out across the marsh to meet the tide and Rye is left, high, dry and purposeless on her unnecessary hill. She came sailing through plague, fire and French rape only to be stranded at last like a ship on the sand spits—the symbolic home of every landlocked ex-naval officer. Out of reach of London, the town understandably attracts the retired rather than the young; but they minister to its pretty looks, and huddled Tudor cottages that used to belong to fishermen and artisans now have a high market value. The golf club and the Dormy club are the new foci.

By any Monday morning the weekend cars have drained out of the cobbled streets, and the weatherboarding, the mathematical tiles and the hollyhocks begin to look less like Toytown and become real again, solid and textured. The town has paid its dues to the economy, entertained its trippers graciously, and can settle down to be itself for another week. Natives of Rye emerge and go about their business, canny, secretive and prudent—as befits the

Walter Cole bought the Rye Pottery at 77 Ferry Road in 1947, and gently adapted it to the mass market, now commands a world-sale for his majolica



Lord Ritchie of Dundee & Lady Ritchie have a fisherman's house, The Saltings, in Rye Harbour. Both remember the road to Rye as a bicycle track

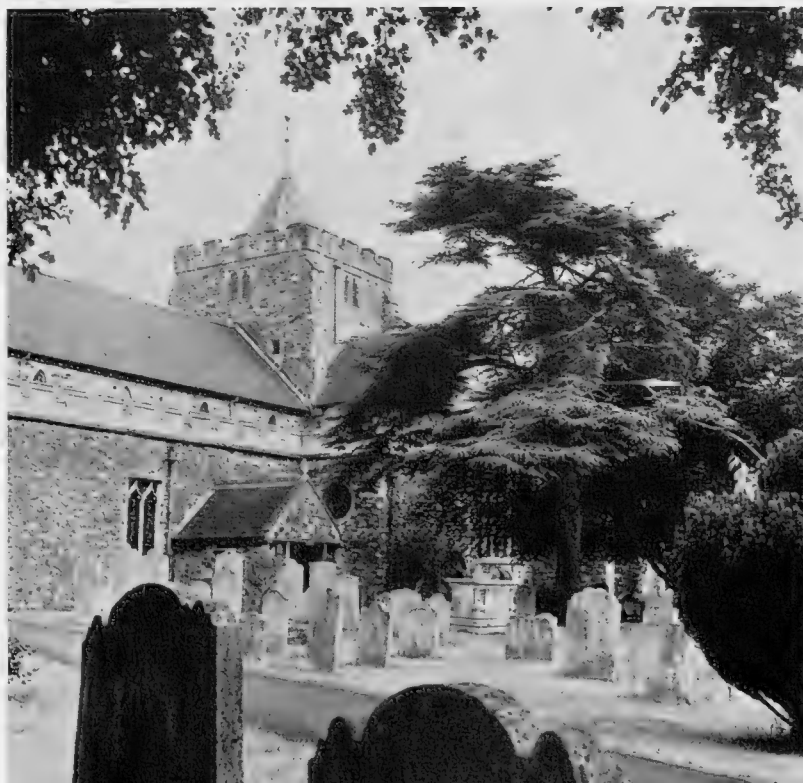


pendants of smugglers. In every street, doors of the bed-and-breakfast cottages open on an empty town, reveal embroidered antimacassars and mantelselves laid out with brass baubles, and altars.

The heart of Rye is Church Square, up above the bustle of High Street. It is tranquil and decorous, like one big vicarage embracing its solid church. Behind it and below stands Wyres Tower (Wipers to Churchill and all Rye men)—successively castle, jail, courtroom and now, inevitably, museum. At its feet are laid out the Gun Gardens, where aged sailors from the Fish Market sit and smoke eternal pipes, looking out across the levels to the sea that ran away and left them. Dropping away northwards from Church Square go the red roofs of Lion Street, the lids of Antique Shoppes and Tea Rooms. To the west falls Mermaid Street, its Mermaid Inn implacably Tudor, and Henry James's Queen Anne mansion turning a handsome shoulder on the world, looking inwards to its secret lawns. Watchbell Street rides the edge of the old sea cliff and has steep and privy gardens that are masterpieces of the English style, illusions of love-in-the-mist and sweetpeas.

All this within the old town walls: Rye might

Rye parish church in the heart of the town and far from the sea



ANATOMY OF AN ANTIENT TOWN

CONTINUED



Sir John & Lady Ferguson (he was Chief Constable of Kent) live at 24 Watchbell Street; with a hidden garden that takes a sheer plunge over the old sea cliff. Below: Felicity Scott-Pitcher and her mother Marjorie Scott-Pitcher, weave and sculpt in a loft of the finest Tudor house in Rye called the Old Hospital



be divided into two, Rye Within and Rye Without. Though the old wall that used to link the Landgate to the Strandgate no longer exists, there is an invisible but certain barrier still between the concentrated antiquity of Rye Within and the council houses and television aerals of Rye Without. Beyond the imaginary line Rye runs out happily into car parks and playgrounds, workaday warehouses and cabbage allotments. Ice cream stalls on Strand Quay and an exhibition by Your Local Artist gather the weekend crowds at the foot of the black net lofts. And invading the edges of Rye Without creeps the marsh, dotted with sheep and churches.

Occasionally timber boats still ascend the muddy Rother from the sea, past Camber Castle engulfed in grass, to unload on Strand Quay. But Rye Harbour, two miles from town, out past the gravel quarries and the sand heaps,



Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Davie live in The Needles, a house that survived the sack of 1377. He teaches painting at a local school, also throws pots. She keeps shop and weaves the fleeces of the marsh sheep

Lady O'Dowda lives in the Old Coach House, a mixture of medieval, Tudor and later additions; once used to stable the London coach. She came to Rye seven years ago with her husband, the late Lt.-Gen. Sir James O'Dowda; she loves the marsh, but misses the wild walks of Westmorland



Children scramble for hot pennies thrown from the Town Hall window by the Mayor—an annual event commemorating the days when Rye had a Mint

go more and more remote from Rye as the town turns away from the sea and looks in on itself. The odd beach ball and bucket for sale in High Street are displayed without conviction—by tacit acknowledgement Rye is not a seaside town any more. Even the harbour has been abandoned by the sea in its turn and they have cut a canal through the dunes to reach the shore. The yachtsmen favour Bosham and Tottenhoe—only the faithful locals stay home to battle with Rye mud. The sea may have gone, but Rye is a frontier town all the same. To the north-west she backs on to the domestic hills of Sussex, high hedges full of dog roses and goldfinches. To the south and east lie Kent and the levels of the Romney Marsh that her cattle market serves now as her fish market used to serve the sea. In a quiet moment you can stand in Church Square and all but hear the contented grazing of sheep.



LORD KILBRACKEN

Yon Cassio

has a

winning

look . . .

SEVEN A.M. Pearl-grey light from an all-opal sky streams across Donaweale to wake me. Sleepily I recollect and mentally arrange the programme for the day—my last for a while at Killegar, and a busy one. First and foremost, there's the Belturbet Show, where I have five entries in the cattle section and hope for a prize or two. There will be a hundred last minute matters to be discussed and decided on with Johnnie; a timber deal to be clinched by telephone; hurried packing and goodbyes. And then the dash to the airport—85 miles—where I'm wait-listed, but only wait-listed, on all the evening flights to London.

Half-an-hour later, unshaved, I am making coffee in the deserted kitchen—stone-flagged and larger than most drawing-rooms, with the empty glasses and Guinness bottles still standing on the table as silent reminders of last night's party—when bovine noises from the yard outside inform me of the arrival there of the cattle for the show. I go out to greet them, and to help the men with their loading. There are Cassio and Iago, the two best shorthorn bull calves, my prime hopes for Ballsbridge in February; and Katharina, a yearling shorthorn heifer, very promising; and Jezebel, the pure bred daughter of Princess, my favourite Hereford cow. And also Cassy IV, the best of the year's crop of single-sucked whitehead calves, who is not mine but Christopher's.

I sold his mother to Christopher three years ago for 60 guineas—not much less than she was worth as a springer—partly because I believed it would be a more profitable investment for him than the Post Office Savings Bank, but mainly so that he would have his first direct financial interest in Killegar. He has a calf to sell each year, and pays me out of the proceeds for Cassy's keep, insurance, service, veterinary expenses, auctioneers' fees and so on; I see to it that he has a profit of at least a tenner, which is a lot better than the Post Office. This year, for the first time, he has a calf up to show standards.

By soon after eight, we have prevailed on the five of them, without too much cajoling, to enter the trailer, and Johnnie has set off with them on the 15-mile journey, taking Hennie and Francis with him. I can wait at least an hour and still arrive not long after them, so I return to the kitchen for a shave and breakfast. Killegar wakens gradually and in its own time, children (6) and grown-ups (5) putting heads around the kitchen door in varying stages of sleepiness and undress. We have almost a houseful, for it is the season of the year when Killegar comes fully into its own as a holiday home and a sure refuge from strain and civilization, thus justifying, at once, 11 long months of labour and worry and loneliness. Christopher; Katharine, Paul, Mary and Ingrid; Philippa, Dido and Ben; Helen and Valerie—what a feminine preponderance! I, it is arranged, will depart at 9.30 with Christopher and Paul; my sister's car will go in later with any of the others who are interested.

We reach the show grounds soon after 10 o'clock, to find the men already at work on the cattle, with brushes, combs, soft soap, shampoo, oil sprays, and all the other tricks of the trade. They—I mean the cattle—are all looking well, and Cassio is attracting envious glances, but it is clear that there will be stern opposition; Belturbet, though a sleepy little town with probably fewer than 700 inhabitants, always succeeds in attracting a fine turn-out of cattle, and this year, clearly, will be no exception. But for me it's always been lucky: it was here, two years ago, that I won my only supreme championship—and with Rosalind, who is Cassio's full sister. The boys and I join at once in the work, brushing and combing and titivating. It is advertised that judging will commence "at 11 o'clock exactly," but everyone knows this means not earlier than noon. This gives us time to have a good look round, before the crowds arrive, at all the other exhibits—our rivals in the cattle section, horses, chickens, farm and garden produce. And kitchen wares from gooseberry jam to boxty.

The first class of cattle—Hereford bulls over a year old—is in the ring soon after 12, just as the second carload arrives from Killegar. The first of our exhibits to be called is Jezebel, but she fails, as I'd regretfully anticipated, to catch the judge's eye. Next comes Katharina—rewarded with the green rosette of a "highly commended"—followed by Cassy IV, who wins a prize of a pound for Christopher (less entry fee and expenses) by taking second prize in a class of two. This is a less hollow victory than it may sound; no second prize would have been awarded unless the calf was judged of sufficient merit. And at last, by 2.30, comes the turn of our main hopes, Cassio and Iago; and, to our delight, they are placed first and second.

I just have time to watch Cassio compete for the supreme shorthorn award which his sister won in 1959, though I have rightly guessed that he has little chance of winning it, and then London is calling. We dash back, immensely hungry, to Killegar, where I have precisely half-an-hour in which to eat, pack, change, make phone calls and say farewells. Soon after four, I'm on the road again with Johnnie. We reach Collinstown by six, and Aer Lingus—heaven be praised!—can now guarantee me a seat on the 9.10 flight. Because this is a "Starlight" I save 55s. on the fare, which rather more than pays for a great steak dinner for both of us, and a sufficiency of liquor to toast Cassio, in the excellent airport restaurant. Before 11, in a slight haze of Hennessy, I have reached London Airport, and bed soon after midnight. I slept very soundly, as might be expected, lulled by the happy thought of another red rosette, now 500 miles to westward.

The swing back to
waists, sharply cut
tailoring, and wide
hems stamped the
French Autumn
Collections 1961



Castello at Lanvin swung oatmeal mohair into a coat to be worn with panache. The trick to make it easy to wear is to put an angle in the bias-cut fullness that flings back over the shoulder. Underneath: a matching Princess line dress with fine tobacco leather bands marking the waist instead of the more conventional belt

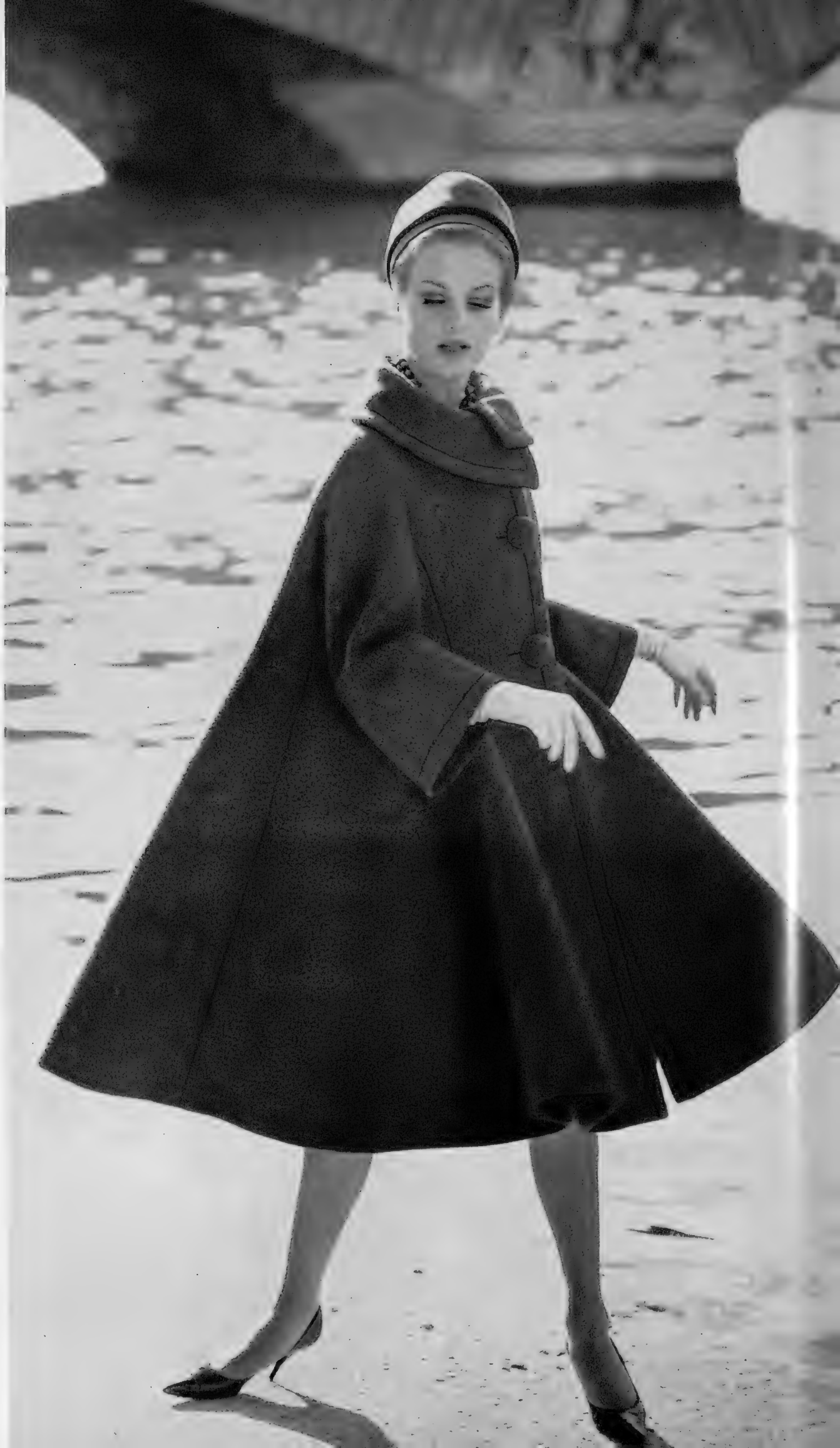
PARIS



PANACHE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER CLARK

Jean Crahay at Nina Ricci designed his collection for women who like to wear dramatic clothes; his cape-coats and wider than ever hemlines demand a sense of style and confidence. The flared fullness of his olive green cloth coat springs from a high waistline, and the comparatively small collar fastens asymmetrically. A sleeveless stone-coloured wool dress with a long fitted bodice and flared skirt is worn under the coat. The head-hugging hat is in line with the general trend of "little hats" which demand a close-to-the-head hairstyle





Pierre Balmain cares little about providing blueprints for wholesale manufacturers on either side of the Atlantic; his rich and large clientele remains his primary consideration. For the sophisticate a coat of cream velour, double breasted to the just-over-the knee hemline, with bottle-neck shoulders, barrel back and deep set "turtle" sleeves. The small brimless turban is made in a toning cream jersey. Worn with the coat is a dress of dove grey jersey, short-sleeved, figure-hugging, with spiral channel seaming encircling the torso as the only trimming



Castillo at Lanvin pinpoints a return to femininity with fitted bodices, well-defined waists, and wide flared skirts; prettiness and contours have replaced the angular lines and retrospective leanings towards the twenties of the recent years. Here he chooses black cloché for his dance dress, adding a scatter of bows at the back. Further touch of femininity is provided by the turban of swathed black tulle. Debenham & Freebody will be making this dress from the original pattern in mid-September

Madame Grès has been famous for her sculptured draperies for over a decade. These exquisite dresses are made entirely by hand and require well over 50 yards of material. From her current collection comes this dress of fondant pink and white gossamer pure silk jersey moulded with hundreds of tiny pleats to the bodice to fall in loose classical folds from the waistline. The dress, made to the original pattern and in the same material, may be ordered by mid-September at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore St







Marc Bohan at Dior discards the low-bloused waistline of his last collection and goes for a tightly fitted midriff, wide belts, gored skirts and often a short bolero. This line, almost impossible for any but the small, slim figure, will nevertheless be adapted everywhere in the next few weeks. Above: A dress made of nigger brown wool to team with a top-coat equally wide-skirted of marigold velour cloth

Pierre Balmain designs a black velvet suit (left) with black fox collar & cuffs. While maintaining an overall slim silhouette, the skirt follows the general trend towards easy fullness with soft unpressed pleats. The sleeveless blouse is entirely embroidered with black paillettes. Here again the cap of black velvet remains small and close to the head. The background is M. Balmain's new office, where he designed his current collection

Guy Laroche is still faithful to the pared-down, collarless, sleeveless little dresses of the last few seasons but now fits them closely to the figure and widens the hemline. A neatly tailored jacket of donkey grey wool cloth (far left) zip-fastened under the buttoned tab, conceals a sleeveless dress worked across the torso with diagonal channel seaming. Beaver is used for the beret and detachable choker

M. Crahay at Nina Ricci reflects a flamboyant influence in his suit jacket with the front falling in loose folds from the left shoulder, off-setting the moulded bust line on the right. The suit is made of a slate blue pebble-surfaced wool cloth faced with donkey and has a straight skirt with a slightly widened hemline. The elegant topping is a sable hat—one of the many to be seen in Paris where fur hats have never been more popular. The suit in the original material can be ordered at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1, in mid-September



Castillo at Lanvin used as the leit-motif of his collection a detachable cowl scarf, which either buttoned or tied on to the garment with which it was worn. This "cowl" was carried through into evening dresses when covered with rich embroidery, and even to fur coats, when it was often made of contrasting skins. Here it buttons on to the jacket of a two-piece in cornflower blue wool lace. The jacket has a bloused back and short fitted basque. The dress is cut on Princess lines with short sleeves, no collar and gently flared skirt. Hat is brown suède



Pierre Cardin's passion for diagonals ran right through his collection. His coats and suit jackets invariably fastened at the left shoulder or hip. The figure-fitting dresses echoed his former spiral line by intersections of diagonals across the torso achieved by channel seaming. This trend is seen in this jacket in russet brown rough-surfaced wool topping a dress of the same material. The front of the jacket sweeps across the shoulder to form a fringed scarf end. The short-sleeved dress is collarless and has an inverted seamed chevron to indicate a high waist.





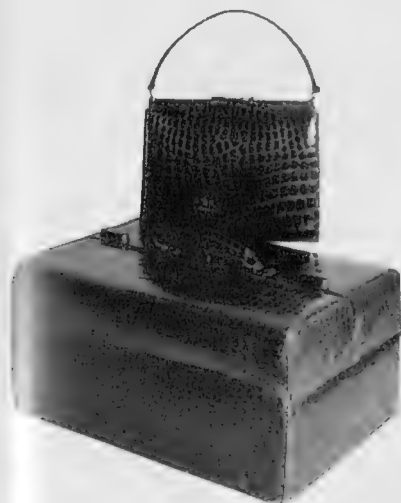
Jean Crahay at Nina Ricci makes a cape-coat in pebble wool in a rich marron glacé reversing to stone. The dress under the cape-coat is of the same marron colour and is slim fitting, collarless and short-sleeved. The large beret is made of pale beige mink echoing the reverse of the cloth



Costume jewellery from a new collection at the John Cavanagh Boutique by Cavanagh and Alfredo Bouret. Much of the jewellery (in matt gilt) is from the Continent or, often, Mexico. Nearly all of it is exclusive to the Boutique. New designs shown are a pomegranate brooch with gold wire stamens and red stones; a gilt bauble with turquoises and pigeon's blood stones; (bottom) a pale amber bauble shot with other colours. All 4 gns.

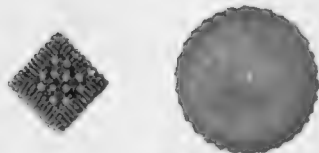


POINTS TO POINT

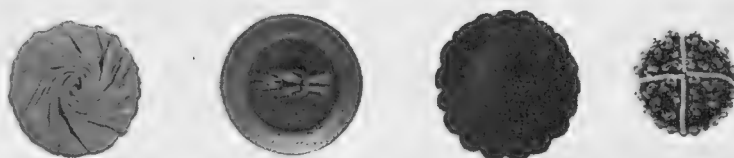


Handbags are the speciality of W. J. Arnold, 126 Gloucester Road, & Kensington Church Street; particularly the re-modelling, renovating and repairing of crocodile bags. A typical transformation of classic handbag from an old dressing case is illustrated. A pattern is suggested (original, a copy from an old handbag or even from a photograph) with a quoted price. Work is done by craftsmen on the premises, time is conditioned by detail. Most of their business is done by mail order. Prices are reasonable (a crocodile handbag can be re-modelled from about £9 10s.) and they repair luggage and umbrellas too.

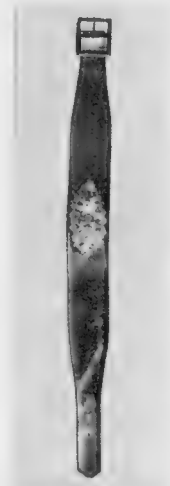
Ready-to-wear Boutique, with a made-to-measure service and alterations, is a new venture by Katy & Helena Zughaft, 12a Lowndes Street, S.W.1. New collection (designed by Mr. Bernard French) ready mid-September. Separates for day and evening; a few "little nothing" dresses and suits; full-length evening skirts (about 15 gns.) with separate tops in chenille velvet, plain jersey or lame (from 12½ gns.). Sizes 10-14, and only a few of each model made. Anything from the simplest to the grandest can be made to measure, preferably from the customer's own materials. Examples of prices, which include two fittings; day-dresses from 15 gns.; suits from 18 gns.; evening dresses from about 25 gns. Two new labour-saving products for keeping clothes fresh; Easy-On starch, 4s. 9d. a long-lasting bottle-spray. Nylon White, a sachet of powder (9d.) that drags dirt from nylon clothes after a 15-minute soak.



Buttons are important again and Paris House, South Molton Street, can make them to order in any shape, style or material (the customer's own, or dyed to match). In material from 6s. 6d. each; in leather from 7s. 6d.; in braid from 10s. 6d. While-you-wait service operates for dyeing carved or plain bone buttons (from 30s. a dozen, average suit size). Glamorous evening buttons come from the embroidery workrooms from about 15s. each



Fabrics, an exclusive autumn collection from France, are at Simmonds at Stanley Lowe, New Bond Street. Sombre, glowing colours for evening, plus chine prints and cut velvets. Woollen materials (some British) come in all weights, have a tweedy look. From left: pure silk paper taffeta, deep reds and olive, 89s. 6d. a yard, 36 inches wide; chine printed gold flowers on olive, heavy satin (silk chiffon to match), 5 gns. a yard (36 inches wide); chiffon 69s. 6d. a yard (48 inches wide); heavy cut velvet, white with brandy-toned flower print, 11 gns. a yard (36 inches wide)



Belts can be made to order at Paris House as well. Varied designs are created there. In customer's own material, belts are from 25s.; in leather from 3 gns. Other specialities are new buckles for old belts and old buckles recovered; most repairs can be completed within a week. They have a selection of ready-made belts. This one is in black leather with a gold-plated ornament: 8 gns.



VERDICTS

ANTHONY
COOKMAN
ON
PLAYS

One For The Pot. Whitehall Theatre.
(Brian Rix, Leo Franklyn, Basil Lord,
Tony Scott.)

Plautus & all that

IT WOULD BE A FEARFUL THING IF WE EVER DEVELOPED A THEATRE which offered nothing to laugh at except jokes warranted to stand up to solemn critical analysis. There is happily no likelihood that any such arid institution will even begin to get going. If anyone has doubt on the matter he has only to visit the Whitehall where **One For The Pot** will sufficiently assure him of the blessed continuity of things. Some of the sallies that detonate there have been popping off in Western Europe without a break since some wag first tried them on the 11th-century crowds gathered in the market-place to watch a church mystery play acted on a cart. They are received with a delighted surprise that makes a nonsense of time.

An enthusiast for the old music halls once remarked that its shows were crowded because people liked them, and not because somebody else did, nor because they thought they ought to like them, or that if they could stand them for some time they might yet come to like them. The same thing goes for these Whitehall shows. Mr. Brian Rix has managed to pack this theatre night after night for more than 10 years

Zizi Jeanmaire with her husband Roland Petit in a ballet version of *Carmen*, one of four dance stories in the film *Black Tights*, opening at the Coliseum on Monday. Moira Shearer and Cyd Charisse also star.

on the strength of three plays. The simple object of the exercise has been to create laughter in its lowliest and most delirious form for audiences who seemingly can find exactly what they want nowhere else. The taste of these audiences is not mine, and I remember thinking that *Dry Rot* was a distinct decline on *Reluctant Heroes*, and again that *Simple Spymen* could not possibly run as long as *Dry Rot* had run. Obviously there was something altogether wrong with my measuring rod. I can only use the same rod, and it tells me that the fourth of the series is slightly below the standard set by *Simple Spymen*.

Taught by experience, what can I do but break my rod in desperation, and assert that *One For The Pot* is assuredly in for a three or four years' run? If any doubts linger in my mind it is because the new piece is a little slow getting off the mark. When Shakespeare wrote this sort of stuff, all hullabaloo and mistakes of identity, in *The Comedy Of Errors*, and when Plautus did it in the *Menaechmi*, they just cut all the playing for position. Mr. Ray Cooney and Mr. Tony Hilton incline to make rather heavy weather getting a gouty North-country business-boss in a wheeled chair to make over £10,000 to the son of his old friend, if he can be found and provided that he has no brother. But once the preposterous gift has been launched, the rival candidates go at it, hammer and tongs, and all is well. They are a gormless Northerner, a polished Southerner, and a florid stage Irishman, and they are all played by Mr. Rix. An extremely ingenious use of stooges, cunning lighting and some real farcical resource conspire to make it seem that Mr. Rix has mastered the art of self-duplication.

A venal man-servant and a pretended lawyer come in usefully to prevent the brothers ever appearing on the stage together, but needless

to say it is often a very close-run thing and Mr. Rix manages repeatedly to make an exit through the library door just as he is seen coming in through the French windows.

What needs to be said and yet is almost impossible to say convincingly is that all these comings and goings keep the house in a constant roar of excited laughter. There are hasty pushings into cocktail cabinets, behind-the-scene crashes, drinking, drugging and trouser losing, heads stuck into an old-fashioned gramophone horn and all the rest of the primitive routine of farce. Yet still it would not be enjoyable on any plane if the routine were not handled with unfailing professionalism. Mr. Rix, Mr. Leo Franklyn and Mr. Basil Lord bring expert energy to the rascals bent on concealing the identity of the brother, and even Mr. Tony Scott, imprisoned in an invalid chair, has some wonderfully active moments. And Mr. Henry Kendall, who has the complicated job of arranging that the malapropisms, the puns and other verbal fooleries click neatly into the preposterous dilemmas and absurd situations, ensures that for long stretches the whole thing works with split-second timing. Yes, a full four years' run!



Goodbye Again. Director Anatole Litvak. (Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Perkins, Yves Montand,

The Trapp Family. Director Wolfgang Liebeneiner. (Ruth Leuwerik, Hans Holt, Josef Meinrad.)

With Gagarin To The Stars.

Holiday from the beats

THESE WHO ADMIRE THE MODISH, AVANT-GARDE METHOD OF FILM making—grab at random a handful of scraps from the garbage bin and throw them over your left shoulder on to the celluloid—will doubtless sneer at Mr. Anatole Litvak's *Goodbye Again*. But not I. I salute its absolute professionalism, I delight in its glossy finish—I turn it this way and that way in my mind and it seems to me, from every angle, an excellent piece of cinema entertainment. "Well, really! She actually wants a film to *entertain*—in these days!" snort the scornful intellectuals. Yes, I do! And if that makes me a simple, old-fashioned member of the bourgeoisie, I don't care a bit. The intellectuals can have their low-life layabouts, lice and latrines—I will take luxury and Mr. Litvak.

The film is based on the novel *Aimez Vous Brahms* by Mlle. Francoise Sagan—a somewhat overrated author, I always think. Mr. Samuel Taylor, who wrote the admirable screenplay, has greatly improved on the original work: he has breathed life into Mlle. Sagan's cardboard characters and added a touch of mature cynicism to her girlish pseudo-sophistication. Miss Ingrid Bergman, exquisitely gowned by the House of Dior, gives a beautiful performance as a successful interior decorator of 40, living in Paris. For five years she has been the mistress of M. Yves Montand—a rich businessman, and 100 per cent egoist. He *says* he loves Miss Bergman—who undoubtedly loves *him*—but feels they should both keep their freedom; this means that he is entitled to break a date with Miss Bergman at the last moment, on the plea of an "urgent business appointment," any time some fetching little floozy catches his eye—and that Miss Bergman is at liberty to mope alone in her pretty apartment.

M. Montand makes no secret of the fact that he has passing affairs—it's just a habit and Miss Bergman must simply accept it. After all, the young girls he picks up mean nothing to him—he calls them all "Maisie," to spare himself the trouble of remembering their names—so what has Miss Bergman to worry about? Only the future, only her lack of emotional security and her dread of loneliness to come.

There are no other men in Miss Bergman's life—nobody to take her dancing or dining when M. Montand lets her down—until she meets Mr. Anthony Perkins, a 25-year-old American, the eccentric, idle son of her wealthiest client (vague but foxy Miss Jessie Royce Landis). He falls madly in love with Miss Bergman, follows her about and openly courts her—and Miss Bergman is touched, flattered and amused.

M. Montand, on the other hand, is outraged, jealous and furious; on the eve of his departure on a (for once) legitimate business trip he quarrels with Miss Bergman—who, in a despairing moment, takes Mr. Perkins to her bed. Her affair with the young man is brief but it has its effect. It brings M. Montand, an apparently tamed wolf, to heel; he marries Miss Bergman—and Mr. Perkins flounces off bitterly into the night. One feels sorry for the poor boy and can only hope he will console himself with the thought that he was, at least, instrumental in bringing the woman he loves happiness.

Happiness? Mmm. If Miss Bergman believed marriage would halt the endless procession of "Maisies" in M. Montand's life, she was being more naïve than is permissible in a woman of 40; at that age one does not kid oneself that a man who has deceived his mistress will not deceive his wife.

The only fault I have to find is with Mr. Perkins's jumpy performance: there were moments when I felt his hangover from *Psycho* would soon send him round the bend—and over the hill to *The Snake Pit*. Otherwise the film is fine, just fine. Maisies 1, 2 and 3 (The Misses Jackie Lane, Jean Clarke and Michele Mercier) are delectable specimens of wolf-bait, Miss Diahann Carroll is witty and seductive as a disillusioned night-club singer—and there is a delicious performance from a Miss Uta Taeger as Miss Bergman's knowing and sharp-tongued little maid. I can't see how you can fail to enjoy this polished picture.

Atrocious dubbed English dialogue does nothing at all for *The Trapp Family*—except to make it a shade more ridiculous than it may have seemed in its original German. It is set in Austria. A russet-haired young novice, Fraulein Ruth Leuwerik, is sent by her Mother Superior to serve as governess to the seven children of Baron Von Trapp (Herr Hans Holt), a middle-aged widower. Fraulein Leuwerik brings sweetness, light and gaiety to the Baron's firmly disciplined household—and teaches the kids to sing like little angels. They dote on her and are delighted when she coyly agrees to marry the Baron and be their new Mamma. Then the Nazis come—and the Von Trapp family is forced to flee the country. With them goes the local priest, Herr Josef Meinrad, who is mad about the children's voices and cannot bear to part from them.

On arrival in America (where else?) Fraulein Leuwerik turns practical (and, for some mysterious reason, blonde) and, with the help of Herr Meinrad, whips the kids into shape as a choir—and whisks them off to give concerts all over the States. At first the Baron disapproves, though he can think of no other way of earning money—but when the choir proves a howling success he relents and they all live happily ever after in "God's own country." Well, bully for them. The film is based on the memoirs of Baroness Maria Von Trapp. I sincerely trust, for her publisher's sake, they were less yawn-provoking than the movie.

With Gagarin to the Stars is a 48-minute documentary about the first man to circle the globe and return to earth. The gallant, smiling Major is first seen acknowledging the cheers of a vast, enthusiastic crowd in Moscow's Red Square—then the film covers his personal background, his training with other Russian cosmonauts and finally the beginning of the historic flight itself. What struck me most was the rough, poor clothing of the ordinary people; the Russians may have conquered space but it seems they have yet to master the art of gracious living in their own country.



The Virtuoso Liszt, by Gary Graffman
L'Arlesiana, by Ciela

Stout, oysters and the Abbé

MOST PEOPLE HAVE AN UNFAVOURITE PIECE OF MUSIC THAT SENDS THEM up the wall. Mine is "the" *Liebestraum* (otherwise the third of Liszt's three *Liebesträume*, Op. 63). This is because when I played the double bass in the orchestra of C. B. Cochran's 1931 *Revue* we played this

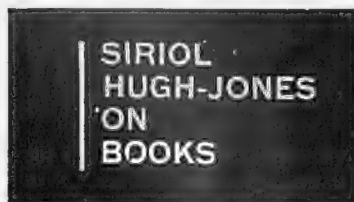
piece every night for three weeks in Manchester, and then every night for six weeks at the London Pavilion, to help a young Scots contortionist on the stage to tie herself into knots and unravel herself again. The London run was the shortest of any Cochran revue in history, but even so the harm had been done. The only thing to be said in favour of the experience was that the first few bars of the bass part were the same as *Basin Street Blues*. Ever since then that *Liebestraum* has been indelibly associated in my mind with Cochran's revue and also—rather pleasantly—with the cheap oysters, stout and excellent veal & ham pie that was my unvarying evening meal during the interval at the pub next door to the Palace Theatre, Manchester. All this has come back to me 30 years later with Gary Graffman's record *The Virtuoso Liszt* (RCA: RB-16249, also stereo) which includes the famous third *Liebestraum*. It is beautifully played, but it still drives me up the wall. This concerto for contortionists, however, is not the sole purpose of this record; there are 10 other tracks on it.

Graffman is one of an increasing number of brilliant young American pianists who seem to have inherited a lot that is worth while from their elder immigrant compatriots—particularly that prodigious technique one has always associated with Russian, Polish and Hungarian pianists. One side of this record consists entirely of Liszt's six Paganini studies. This is a fantastic collection of pieces of quite appalling technical difficulty—as one might expect, for Liszt didn't go around making life easier for pianists. Paganini's caprices were difficult enough already on the violin; Liszt obviously set out to show they could be made twice as difficult on the piano. Gary Graffman (what a refreshing change a homely Anglo-Saxon name like "Gary" is from Vladimir, György, Svyatoslav, Mieczyslaw, Yakow and the rest) sails through them all, and with such ease that he is able to let us hear the music as well as the notes. Which is a much rarer achievement than you might suppose.

There is still a lot of Italian opera that doesn't seem to "travel," and which, like a small local wine, is best enjoyed near its *domaine* in the surroundings and climate it is grown in. Every summer English people find themselves near some open-air opera season or other in Italy and regularly come up against something they have never heard of but which the locals seem to know backwards. One of these peculiarly non-travelling operas is Ciela's *Adriana Lecouvreur*; another, the same composer's *L'Arlesiana*. Most people who have heard *Adriana Lecouvreur* on its home ground have found it an attractive and extremely effective work. Though it lacks the fire which gave Ciela's direct contemporary, Puccini, his universal appeal, it is full of good tunes and situations. The Cetra recording of *Adriana Lecouvreur* (OLPC 1218

three records) does a lot to explain why the work is popular in Italy, where they will always enjoy music that singers can get their teeth into.

An even better piece, I think, is *L'Arlesiana* (Cetra OLPC 1255—two records), which is based on the Daudet play that Bizet wrote his famous incidental music for. Ferruccio Tagliavini sings the tenor part originally created by the young Caruso, and does it with great elegance. He is still the only tenor since Gigli who makes a really beautiful noise when he sings, and his famous "Lament" in *L'Arlesiana* is a gem.



Stanley Spencer en famille

WHEN SIR STANLEY SPENCER VISITED CHINA, IT WAS NOT EASY TO persuade him to accept important official invitations as it meant leaving the hotel room where he was busy with painting, it was believed, pictures of Cookham. A great deal of this spirit of single-mindedness and firm independence comes through in an adorable, funny and

marvellously simple book called *Stanley Spencer* written by his younger brother Gilbert Spencer. Here are the Spencer children in Cookham cutting out paper nuns and playing with a box of Crimea and Waterloo buttons; Stan telling Gilbert that angels were "Great white birds what pecks"; half the family playing musical instruments, the others painting; a Cookham family Christmas; an airman in a flying machine waving as he passes over the village; Stan saying about Gilbert's picture of the Crucifixion, for which he used his father as model, "I don't know what it is but when Gil paints Pa his pictures seem to be all right." The book, which is in fact far from unsophisticated, has the innocence and the joy of one of Stanley Spencer's own paintings. It's the picture of a remarkable family and of a domestic climate rather than of the one most famous member of that family, and on any count it is a book not to miss.

Philippe Jullian's spidery drawings have always faintly depressed me because of his keen interest in characters on the verge of moral and physical decomposition. The people he writes about are the exact equivalent in words of his drawings. *Scraps*, translated with evident care and precision by Angus Heriot, is about a repellent young man on the make, of great beauty and some skill at making portraits out of scraps. His rise to success seemed to me unimportant to the point of insupportable gloom and boredom, and the book appeared to be more or less an excuse for a lot of little teasing anecdotes written in a prolonged giggle. "A satiric talent of the first order," says the jacket; if that's what M. Julian has, he's letting it get dangerously rusty.

Everyone in the world who reads short stories in magazines must know by now exactly what one means by "just like a short story in the *New Yorker*." And absolutely the only thing I have about *New Yorker* short stories is that while they seem fine in the pages of that celebrated magazine, they have a dispiriting, inexplicable and somewhat eerie sameness once they get given the dignity and more-or-less-permanence of hard covers (in fact I have doubts about the advisability of this step, but that's another argument.) *The Stone Arbour* consists of 12 entertaining and unsurprising stories by Roger Angell, *New Yorker* contributions the lot of them.

Some Places & Things That Will Not Appear In My Next Novel, by John Cheever—my nomination for the year's most contrived and irritating title—alternately made me laugh and set my teeth on edge because of its self-consciousness, though I'd forgive a lot for this sort of barbed and witty cattiness about a writer called Roydon Blake who is going through a very bad patch: "In his pages one found alcoholics, scarifying descriptions of the American landscape, and fat parts for Marlon Brando."

I am a keen and energetic follower of the works of Miss Barbara Cartland, and energetic one needs to be, since *Messenger of Love* is the tireless lady's 90th book ("Once again," says the jacket in a hurried yet tremulously proud mutter, "Barbara Cartland has written a book of sparkling romance and drama . . . with all the qualities which her many readers have come to expect." No need, clearly, to list them here.) The heroine is Andora Bland, maid-of-honour to Elizabeth Tudor, and, like all Miss Cartland's heroines, a blue-eyed, fair-haired, brave country mouse, small enough to be satisfactorily crushed to the hero's chest in the classic manner on the last page. The hero is Sir Hengist Wake. Andora drives him "mad with jealousy," silken skirts make a soft frou-frou over the polished boards, the Queen dances with the Earl of Essex, Dr. Dee turns up peering into a crystal, there's a spot of torture that Andora bears like a good soldier's daughter ("My God!" says Sir Hengist between his teeth. "Someone shall pay for this"), and at the end Sir H's kiss "sweeps away everything but the wonder and the glory of their love for one another," making her, of course, quite forget horrid treacherous Lord Murton, to whom she once addressed the memorable sentence "And when you kissed me I knew that there was something wrong about you although I did not know to what depths you had sunk." Hurrah for Andora and all other gallant little heroines bearing so much so bravely and talking in such breathless bursts, interspersed with many a row of three dots, through the throbbing pages of English costume-fiction.

Stanley Spencer, by Gilbert Spencer (Gollancz, 21s.)

Scraps, by Philippe Jullian (Muller, 16s. 6d.)

The Stone Arbour, by Roger Angell (Gollancz, 16s.)

Some Places & Things That Will Not Appear In My Next Novel, by John Cheever (Gollancz, 16s.)

Messenger Of Love, by Barbara Cartland (Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.)

ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

L. S. Lowry paintings

Primitivism makes its point

A FEW WEEKS AGO I FOUND MYSELF HAVING A LIVELY ARGUMENT WITH A complete stranger about the so-called neo-primitive painters. We were standing at the time in front of one of L. S. Lowry's pictures in the Royal Academy summer exhibition and the stranger was trying to convince me that most primitives are phoney. Most of the things he said were so slanderous I cannot repeat them but, briefly, his argument was that these artists could draw and paint properly—by which I understand he meant academically—and that they went on producing childish pictures only because their agents had a queue of idiots waiting to buy them.

Did I really believe, he asked me, that the Douanier Rousseau, for example, who numbered Seurat, Gauguin, Signac, Picasso and Delaunay among his friends, and who spent more than 30 years of his life painting could not have drawn "properly" if he had wanted to? And then there was Lowry. "Do you mean to tell me," the stranger said, "that a man of 70 who has been painting all his life can't do anything besides these wooden pin-men?"

I answered him pretty convincingly, I hope, about Rousseau who, far from painting as he did to satisfy a demand, spent most of his painting life in poverty and sincerely believed that he was a "*peintre réaliste*." When it came to Lowry I knew so little about the man that I could argue only from what I felt about his work. But today there arrived on my desk a book (L. S. Lowry, Studio Books, 21s.) to be published shortly which supplies all the answers I would so much have liked to have ready for that stranger. It is largely a picture book—20 colour plates covering a period of 50 years—but its chief distinction is an introduction by Mervyn Levy from which emerges a remarkably telling portrait in miniature of the artist. We learn not only that he loves Boudin and egg and chips, but also that he hates *Housewives' Choice* and Rembrandt. More important, at the moment, we learn that he went to art schools for the best part of 15 years and that he can and does draw "properly" though without "anything approaching a fluent technical mastery of pencil and brush."

By comparison with Douanier Rousseau or Grandma Moses, says Levy, Lowry is in no sense a modern primitive. This is true, of course, of many of the artists to whom the paradoxical label is applied. Some are skilled and sophisticated artists who have adopted a naïve manner from choice. Lowry has a place of his own somewhere between the "naïfs" and these sophisticates. Though, as is shown by the earliest illustrations in this book (particularly a portrait of his mother made in

1910), he made considerable progress along the academic road, his individual style developed naturally from it. During the years of art school training his simple and direct vision may have been suppressed or overwhelmed. But that does not mean that the many years of training did not play a vital part in the evolution of the style by which we now know him.

Every true artist's life is largely made up of the struggle to find a mode of expression that is right *for him*. Lowry has so far succeeded in this that no one who knows his work can ever again look at the Manchester industrial area in which he lives and works without seeing it largely through his eyes. "Nature," as Wilde said in one of his perceptive moments, "copies art."

"Lowry has found again the clear and potent images of childhood," says Levy. More probably he never lost them, they were simply in abeyance while he learned the craft with which to transfix them. In either case it is something of a miracle. This then is no "phoney primitive." His sincerity and simplicity radiate from every paragraph of Levy's text, which is full of such fascinating quotations from the artist as this description of how he came to paint his picture *Woman with a beard*: "She had a very nice face and quite a big beard. Well, sir, I just couldn't let such an opportunity pass, so I began almost at once to make a little drawing of her on a piece of paper. . . . After a while she asked rather nervously what I was doing. I blushed like a Dublin Bay prawn and showed her my sketch—the one from which I later made my painting of her. At first she was greatly troubled, but we talked and by the time the train had reached Paddington we were the best of friends. We even shook hands on the platform. People say, 'Oh, but you couldn't have seen a woman with a beard like that!' But I did, you know. . . ."



Good Friday: Daisy Nook, by L. S. Lowry, from the book reviewed here

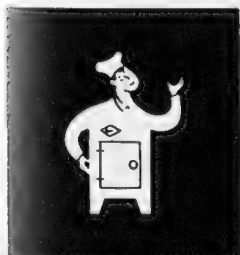


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DINING IN

Feathered fruit of the year

Helen Burke

ALL COOKS WILL AGREE WITH KEATS'S DESCRIPTION OF AUTUMN AS A "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." Home-grown orchard produce is here; grouse, the first feathered "fruit" of the second half of the year, is already well away (and, as I write, very expensive too); in two days' time we shall have partridges, and oysters will be back again. So much—and much of it contradictory—has been written about how long grouse should be roasted (and roasted a young bird should be), that I am going to run the risk of possible criticism by saying "Roast your grouse as you would have it," for even the greatest authorities do not agree on the cooking time.

If ever a V-shaped poultry rack pays its way, it is when roasting game birds. As their breasts are really meaty and the backs have little if any flesh on them, it is a pity to roast them other than breast down. In this way, the juices run into the breasts instead of off them. Wrap the bird in thin slices of fat salt pork, if you like, but remove them in time to brown the breast. I like to return the liver to the body, together with a piece of butter very well seasoned with salt and pepper, and I have even gone so far as to pierce the breast bone from the inside with the sharp point of my trussing needle, so that the melting butter can seep into the breast meat. It could be that I carry my theories a little far. Still, anything that will ensure juicy breast meat is surely justified.

Then I suggest 20 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7). Or up to 30 minutes if you like. Serve half a grouse on a slice of toast, first spread with the mashed liver, moistened with a little of the gravy. Pass round separately, clear pan gravy, coarse breadcrumbs fried to a golden brown in butter, and game chips. Watercress makes a pleasing garnish.

But what I want chiefly to write about this week are PARTRIDGES, which, for their size, are the plumpest little birds of all. A very good Victorian chefs' book indicates how we can judge whether or not a partridge is young enough to be roasted. Look for "tender unworn beaks and sharp toes, with a fine skin over the bird's legs." The poulterer will select a bird hung to your liking and the hanging, if any, depends a little on the weather. Sprinkle the bird with salt and pepper, put a piece of seasoned butter inside it, tie a piece of pork fat over the breast and roast for 20 to 25 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7. Serve with fried coarse breadcrumbs and game chips as above. Make a clear gravy by adding a little giblet stock to the baking tin and rubbing it around over a fair heat to remove the crustiness. Strain into a heated sauce boat.

Another delicious dish with which I was once served in the country is PARTRIDGES WITH CREAMED MUSHROOMS. Allow 2 birds for 4 people. Truss them as for roasting. Place the liver inside each and sprinkle the insides with salt and pepper. Gently cook them in butter in a casserole, turning them on all sides and basting them with the butter in the dish. Meanwhile, sprinkle the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon over $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small mushrooms. Add 2 tablespoons of water and quickly cook them in a tightly lidded pan. Remove and halve the partridges. Place them on a heated platter and keep them hot. Mash the livers and the butter from the casserole and spread the mixture on 4 slices of toast. Turn the mushrooms into the casserole in which the partridges were cooked, add a teaspoon of fresh breadcrumbs and turn all round to absorb the residue in the casserole. Finally, add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream and bring to the boil. Taste for seasoning.

Arrange the slices of toast around the partridges and heap the creamed mushrooms on them.



Departure: PARIS

Arrival: LONDON in the autumn when fringes will be shaken out of eyes and hair will grow longer.

Hairstyle in the *wagon-lit* by Alexandre who did the hair at Givenchy, Heim, Grès, Esterel. . . .

Coupling make-up is the new Moonflower look of Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

And the word is grey for eyes lined with their new liquid cycliner plus a layer of grey eyeshadow stick on top, following the curve of the lid.

The word is Lotus Rose for lips wearing this new Impressionistic pink.

On the skin: Beige Sun Liquid Film under Yoga powder.

Release date: tomorrow.

A cool blast of Jet Red lipstick blew through the salons of Guy Laroche and Jean Dessès where Elizabeth Arden's new sizzling red lit up the pale faced models

who ringed their eyes dramatically in black.

Stop Press news from Elizabeth Arden is their new Bleu Corbeau liquid eye shadow

a strict navy blue

which looks devastating with blue eyes, subtle with green or brown.

This long-awaited colour has a revolutionary packing in the liquid mascara.

A sensibly sized golden case holds a glass container with a spiral brush fitted into the screw-on top.

Set the whole look alight with Mexican Fire: a brilliant pink in lip and nail colour.

At Dior where lipsticks are known by numbers, the new ones were 24 and 28—the freshest and clearest pink yet to balance the bright curries and yellows.

SNCF

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The GREAT CARPET SALE at MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

The new Carpet Department at Marshall & Snelgrove has proved to be an enormous success and the unusual values now being offered at the Carpet Sale will merit an early visit of inspection. The examples featured on this page are typical

PLAIN WILTON BROADLOOM CARPET



A special offer of 12' 0" wide heavy quality Carpet which is substantially below today's price. A luxurious deep velvet pile.

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Carpet Sale 59/6 per square yard

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7' 6" x 12' 0"	Usual price £36.15.2	Carpet Sale £31.15.2
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10' 6" x 12' 0"	Usual price £50.14.10	Carpet Sale £43.14.10
12' 0" x 12' 0"	Usual price £57.14.8	Carpet Sale £49.14.8
13' 6" x 12' 0"	Usual price £64.14.6	Carpet Sale £55.14.6
15' 0" x 12' 0"	Usual price £71.14.4	Carpet Sale £61.14.4
18' 0" x 12' 0"	Usual price £85.14.0	Carpet Sale £73.14.0

Colours available: Bokhara gold, mushroom, rose pink, silver grey, Nile green, Honeysuckle beige.

Patterns are available on request. Please state choice of colour and texture.

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12' width usually 82/6 per square yard. **Carpet Sale 75/-** per square yard

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Please state choice of colour.

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Usually 55/3 per yard.

Carpet Sale 49/6 per yard

PLAIN WILTON CARPET, 27" wide.

Ten colours, crush-resisting pile.

Usually 48/3 per yard.

Carpet Sale 42/6 per yard

AXMINSTER CARPET, 27" wide.

Well-covered acanthus leaf design in four tones of grey, red, green or mushroom. Usual price 55/6 per yard.

Carpet Sale 49/- per yard

TO CLEAR—27" CORD CARPET in charcoal grey, rust, lilac and beige.

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When re-ordered, this carpet will be 27/6 per yard.

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Carpet Sale 69/6 per sq. yard

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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

A rarity for oysters

Albert Adair

DURING THE RECENT ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AT GROSVENOR HOUSE, I was asked by a connoisseur of 18th-century English furniture to select the *pièce de résistance* of the show. I had no hesitation in making my choice. It was this table on Messrs. Phillips of Hitchin's stand. Its exquisite lines struck me as an irresistible work of art.

It is a masterpiece of English furniture of the Thomas Chippendale period; much skill was required to give rigid support to the heavy marble top with its delicate fretted carvings. But the design especially excels those of all other tables of the period. In this illustration each of the four legs is seen in different perspective yet each one retains ideally beautiful design and proportion. This table also has great rarity interest. No similar example has been recorded or is to be found in 18th-century furniture books. Many paintings of Zoffany and Devis's conversation pieces have a tripod table with circular mahogany top. They were used for tea or in reading rooms. But no contemporary record shows a



circular centre table with a marble top. It would not have been used for flowers, for the custom of putting a vase of flowers on a centre table was unknown at the time.

A likely explanation is that this table was made for a wealthy man to entertain up to three people with oysters. This would also account for the lack of comparable examples. There are, however, some 18th-century Continental tables in existence which are believed to have been used for serving oysters. It is to be hoped that this table will be shown at the important exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum (March and April next year) which would give another opportunity of seeing it.

MAN'S WORLD

Umbrellas of consequence

David Morton

THE AIR MINISTRY TELLS ME THAT 194 RAINY DAYS WERE RECORDED AT Kew during 1960. This figure seems to indicate both that the unfortunate residents of Kew suffer rather more rainy days than dry ones, and that it's wise to carry an umbrella in England, despite the sunny days depicted on "Come to Britain" posters. Umbrellas were in use in the East 3,000 years ago; when they were taken up by the West the Italians called them umbrellas, from the Latin *umbra*, for shade, while the French termed them *parapluies*—meaning anti-rain. This has always seemed to me a subtle racio-meteorological distinction. Jonas Hanway, the first Englishman to carry an umbrella, about 1750, got laughed at. Carrying an umbrella implied that one did not own a carriage. It is very different now.

On an overcast day I went to see Mr. Gilbert Adeney, at Swaine Adeney Brigg & Sons in Piccadilly. I have long wanted to know how their sign came to suffer what is apparently a bullet hole; the sign depicts a top-hatted dandy and he has been plugged right in the eye. Mr. Adeney tells me that this was not malicious damage by a sharp-shooting reveller, but an honourable war-wound, the result of shrapnel from the first bombing in the last war. My own umbrella, which I had thought it prudent to carry, is fairly slender, having a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch steel shaft. When I left Swaine Adeney Brigg I felt it to be a weak, ineffectual, dandified thing. Mr. Adeney showed me how all their umbrellas have a cane shaft, preferably Tonkin cane. "An umbrella should always be a support," he told me. This wooden shaft makes the umbrella slightly thicker, but very much firmer and more satisfying to lean on. The spokes are always covered with silk or nylon, not proofed but under tension when the umbrella is erect; the closely woven, taut fabric allows the rain to roll off. You can buy a Swaine Adeney Brigg umbrella for as little as £9 or as much as £50; it depends on the material used. Malacca cane costs about £14 and is most popular. Other favourites are whangee and leather-covered handles. Or one can choose from cherry, ash, maple, furze, rams horn, plaited kangaroo hide or tortoiseshell. A crocodile-handled umbrella with a gold pencil concealed in the shaft could cost £50.

But an umbrella needn't just be an umbrella. It can incorporate a shooting stick, or be cheerfully striped for golf. I asked if swordstick

umbrellas were made, but it seems that they present technical problems. There are swordsticks at Swaine Adeney Brigg, however. The blades are made by Wilkinson; the technique is to lunge at an assailant, so that he is forced to grasp the stick; you then pull the blade free and either unnerve or skewer him. There are riding sticks with a sword blade concealed, too—I can't imagine who carries *them*. The range of walking sticks displayed is fascinating—I saw a splendid one with a rhinoceros horn head and gold band, and there are fine blackthorn thumbsticks, shepherd's crooks for a guinea (they have made episcopal crooks, too) as well as plain, stout, country sticks. This is the shop for flywhisks, too, with red or green horsehair.

Mr. Adeney told me a little of the firm's history—how Swaine started in 1750, as a whipmaker, and how his granddaughter married an Adeney. The firm combined with Brigg, the umbrella-makers, during the last war. So Mr. Adeney couldn't be blamed for reserving his major enthusiasm for the whip side of the business—"after all, I am an Adeney." They have all kinds of whips in stock; when he mentioned a motor-car whip, I thought he was joking, but there really is, or was, such a thing. It's a telescopic whip that was carried in early motor cars to whip off offending dogs. The remaining one is not for sale, but there are many others to choose from. Trotting, racing and polo whips, all made from fibreglass (whalebone, once traditional, is no longer available) covered with woven nylon. Hunting whips, strong enough to push open a gate. Coaching whips, still happily in demand. Stock whips and bull whips, some as long as 50 feet. Dog whips, made for the last Antarctic expedition, from whaleskin. Mr. Adeney can crack a whip very loudly—the noise comes when the whip is fully extended and becomes taut.

There are many other items for horsemen, stopping short of saddles and bridles. Several patterns of hunting horn, varying in size and the shape of the bell and mouthpiece, with names like "Nimrod long" and "Countess of Lonsdale." All sorts of spur, too—a dying craft, as only one man is left to make them. There's a useful walking stick for those in the bloodstock business—it incorporates a steel measure for the height of horses in hands and metres—11 gns.

A unique shop. Where else could you see, if not buy, a whip with a tiny parasol, or a quizzing glass set in the top? Or a tall, gold-mounted running footman's cane? And I think Mr. Adeney is enthusiast enough to accept an order for any of these with pleasure. But if you want a £50 umbrella, it might be wise to fit it with a chain and handcuff to avoid the proverbial fate of all umbrellas—a sojourn in the railway lost property office.



The redesigned 190 Mercedes, junior partner of the new 300 SE saloon

MOToring

A new saloon from Mercedes

Gordon Wilkins

PEOPLE ON THE CONTINENT WHO KEEP CLOSELY IN TOUCH WITH CAR buying trends tell me that demand for Jaguars is at an all-time peak, even in Germany. This of course sharpens the competition between Jaguars and Mercedes-Benz for the quality fast car market. Up to now Mercedes-Benz has been by far the bigger company, with extensive interests in commercial vehicles, industrial and marine engines and other things, besides their cars. But acquisition of Daimler with its lucrative bus business has broadened Jaguar's interests while increasing the production facilities available for its cars.

It now seems pretty certain that Jaguar will bring out a new big saloon car at the London Motor Show to follow up the world-wide success of its E-type sports car. It will replace the elderly Mark IX and

I am quite sure that this is going to be one of the best-looking cars even Jaguar have ever built. But the most recent move lies with Mercedes-Benz, who have just brought out a remarkable new saloon model, the 300 SE. It uses the same body-chassis structure as the famous 220 series, and looks similar, except for an extra chromium strip along the side and various touches of bright work on the air extractor behind the rear quarter windows and over the rear wheel openings, but mechanically it is very different and much more powerful.

It has a lightweight 3-litre six-cylinder engine made of aluminium alloy with fuel injection instead of carburettors, which gives 185 horsepower. It also has an excellent new automatic transmission which does all the thinking for you, but allows the driver to take charge and select the gears by a steering column lever if so minded. It is an unusually light and compact transmission and has some ingenious features which almost eliminate the shocks experienced when one kicks down on the accelerator pedal with many of the current automatics.

There is power-assisted steering to take the work out of parking and there are Dunlop disc brakes on all four wheels, with servo assistance, plus a clever device which pulls the back down and prevents the car nose-diving when the brakes are put on hard. Finally, there are no springs of the ordinary kind. The car is supported on four air bags and kept at a constant height regardless of load. This means that it can be given a softer ride than cars with ordinary springs, without any risk of hitting bottom when it is carrying a heavy load. Buyers are also offered the option of an air conditioning system with refrigerator to deliver cold air in summer.

This is in addition to the many practical features which it has in common with the 220; safety pads on the steering wheel and round the instrument panel, adjustable backrests, a heater-ventilation system which also demists the side windows, a headlamp flasher incorporated in the direction indicator lever, grab handles in the roof, with coat hooks, and a really enormous luggage trunk.

Before the announcement date, Mercedes-Benz lent me one to try over some particularly bad roads in central France and it really is a remarkable car. It surges up to 100 m.p.h. on quite short straights (the makers say the absolute maximum is 109) and does about 70 in third gear. Changes by the automatic transmission are beautifully smooth, but they are nearly always equally unobtrusive if the driver makes them by moving the lever. The brakes are equal to all emergencies and the anti-dive device is a real advance in safety. Experienced drivers know that it is asking for trouble to brake in a corner, especially if the road is wet or the surface is loose, but with this new model, I slammed the brakes on hard on wet and slippery downhill corners without producing the slightest tendency for the tail to slide. Yet it is a very simple device, consisting of two rods and two radius arms, with nothing to go wrong. It simply uses the turning effort produced by the brakes themselves to pull the back of the body downwards.

The power steering is one of the best I have ever tried; light, precise and shock-free, but with full road feel and no vagueness. As for the air springing, it is so good that it becomes very difficult to distinguish the bad roads from the good. It only seems to fall short of absolute perfection in a certain amount of high-frequency vibration which can be felt through the rear seat cushions on the worst surfaces.

Parallel with this development, the 190 four-cylinder model has been completely redesigned, being given the same body and equipment as the 220 series, but with a shorter bonnet. In this form it has become a delightful car, not at all short of power. The slight reduction in wheelbase compared with the sixes makes it extremely handy and the low weight of the engine gives it light steering without the need for power assistance. It has an all-synchromesh four-speed gearbox, which gives speeds of about 69 m.p.h. in third gear and 90 in top, while fuel consumption runs at 24-36 m.p.g. It is also offered with a much improved and enlarged diesel engine, which is quieter, smoother and livelier than any diesel I have tried so far.



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Brand—Chetwode: Philippa Mary Imogen, daughter of the Hon David & Mrs. Brand, of The Manor House, Bletchingley, Surrey, was married to the Hon. Christopher Roger Chetwode, son of the late Captain Roger Chetwode & of the Hon. Lady Cotterell, of Garnons, Hereford, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, W.1

WEDDINGS

O'Hagan—Bevington: Elizabeth, daughter of Squadron Leader & Mrs. J. G. B. O'Hagan, of Upperton Cottage, Tillington, Sussex, was married to John Shelley, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. S. Bevington, of Cut Mill, Bosham, Sussex, at All Hallows' Church, Tillington



BARRY SWAEBE



Wagner—Thompson: Diana, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rupert Wagner, of Coolham, Sussex, was married to Anthony, son of Mr. & Mrs. Harold Thompson, of Worthing, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Shipley, Sussex



JOHN TOPHAM LTD.

Gunn—James: Sarah Alison Livingston, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alistair Gunn, of Harley Street, W.1, and Wayside, Chislehurst, was married to Hywel Morgan Cledwyn, son of the Vice-Chancellor of Southampton University & Mrs. D. G. James, at St. Nicholas's Church, Chislehurst, Kent

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. P. T. S. Bowlby and
Miss N. S. M. Stewart-Clark**

The engagement is announced between Patrick Thomas Salvin, eldest son of Colonel Frank Bowlby and the late Mrs. Bowlby, of Culverthorpe Hall, Grantham, Lincolnshire, and Norina Sara Marie, only daughter of Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark, of Dundas Castle, West Lothian, Scotland.

**Mr. K. R. Ruddle and
Miss S. V. Steele**

The engagement is announced between Kenneth Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ruddle, of Englemere Road, Bracknell, Berkshire, and Sandra Vivien, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Steele, of Castlemans Cottage, Hare Hatch, Twyford, Berkshire.

**Mr. E. B. Prince and
Miss M. E. Hobbs**

The engagement is announced between Edward Broughton, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Prince, of Holt Pound, Wrecclesham, Farnham, and Mary (Susan), only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Hobbs, of Burrows Dene, Farnham, Surrey.

**Lieutenant P. A. N. Foster, R.N., and
Miss A. J. M. Wells**

The engagement is announced between Peter Arthur Nedham, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. N. Foster, of The White House, Bough Beech, Kent, and Anne Julia Maxwell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Maxwell Wells, of H. Barn, Denmead, Hampshire.

**Mr. R. V. Stacey and
Miss S. T. Greenberry**

The engagement is announced between Lieut. Roy Vickers Stacey, The King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool), son of Mr. E. V. Stacey and the late Mrs. E. V. Stacey, of Sheffield, and Susan Therese, only daughter of the late Major H. L. Brozyna, and Mrs. L. W. Greenberry, and stepdaughter of Mr. L. W. Greenberry, of Harrogate.

**Mr. T. Heald and
Miss A. Hardy**

The engagement is announced of Trevor, third son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Heald, 6 Woodlands Road, Stafford, Staffs, to Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hardy, 194 Redbridge Lane East, Ilford.

**Mr. E. Jones and
Miss A. Dawson**

The engagement is announced between Eric, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Jones, of Norbury, and Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. F. Dawson, and the late Mrs. Dawson, of 12 Lawrence Court, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

**Mr. G. G. C. Churcher and
Miss M. A. Bayliss**

The engagement is announced between Graham George Campbell, son of the late Mr. G. G. E. Churcher and Mrs. L. K. Churcher, of Bransgore, Hants, and Margaret Aimee, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bayliss, of 98 Brockhurst Road, Birmingham.

**Mr. R. V. Lewis and
Miss V. A. Moxon**

The engagement is announced between Richard Vaughan, son of Mr. Eric Lewis, Upper Bridlemere, Tattershall Road, Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, and Mrs. Josephine Lewis, East Haddon Hall, Northamptonshire, and Verity Ann, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moxon, of Horton Hall, near Leek, Staffordshire.

**Mr. F. J. Munnion and
Miss A. M. Vyle**

The engagement is announced between Frederick James, son of E. H. Munnion, M.B.E., and the late Mrs. Munnion, of Ardingly, Sussex, and Anne Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Vyle, of 9 Muster Court, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

**Mr. M. Brewis and
Miss J. Mitchell**

The engagement is announced between Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Brewis, Shilbottle, Woodhouse, Alnwick, Northumberland, and Janet, second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. T. Mitchell, Manor Farm, Donnington, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

**Mr. B. R. Knight and
Miss L. W. Crawford**

The engagement is announced between Brian Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Knight, of Emsworth, Hampshire, and Lysbeth Wilson, elder daughter of the late John Orr Crawford and of Mrs. M. A. Crawford, Barnbeth, Bridge-of-Weir, Renfrewshire.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 402 for details



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